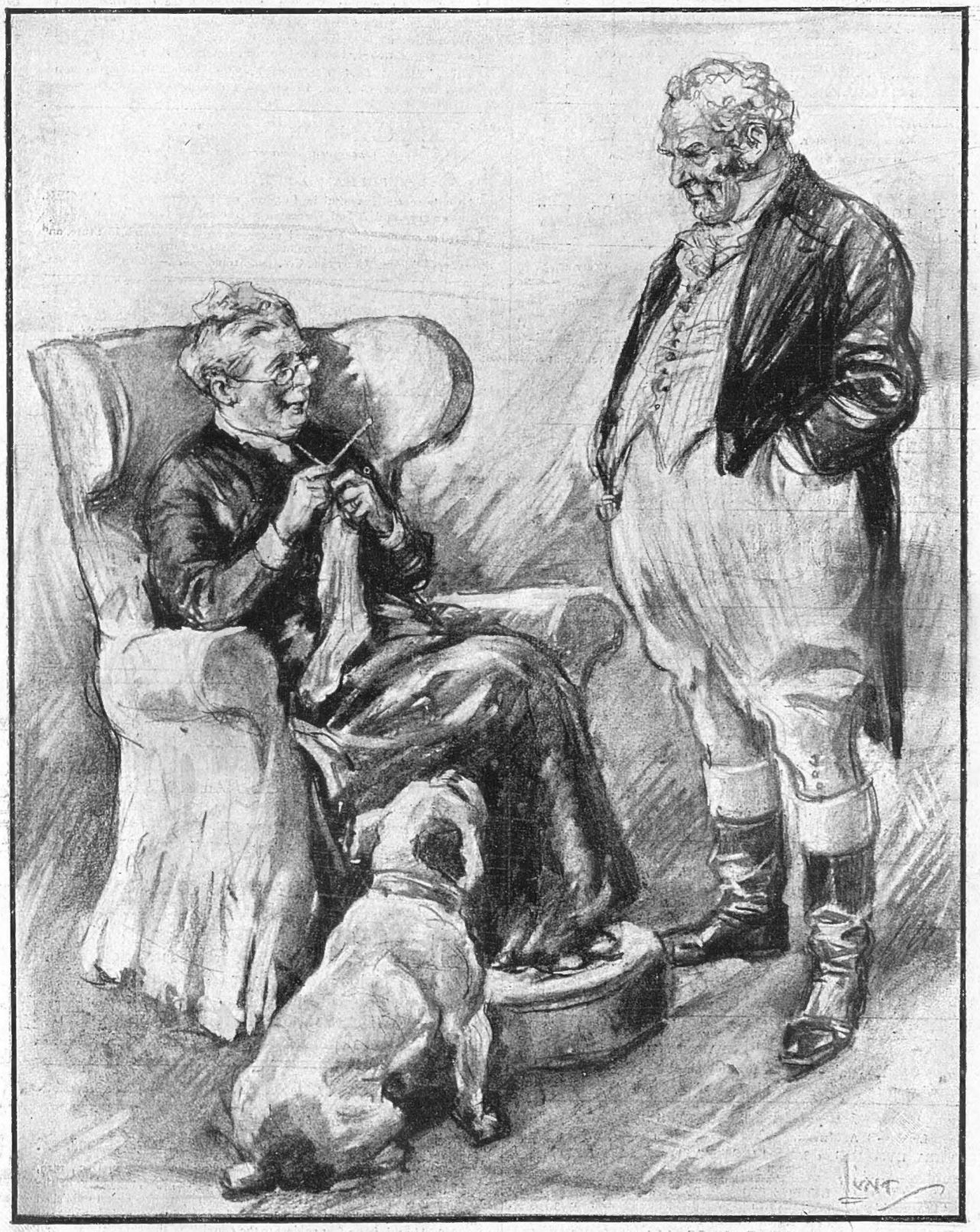
The Bystander, December 3, 1919. No. 835. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER



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MRS. BULL: "A real peace, John—if you can get it!"

BY WILMOT LUNT

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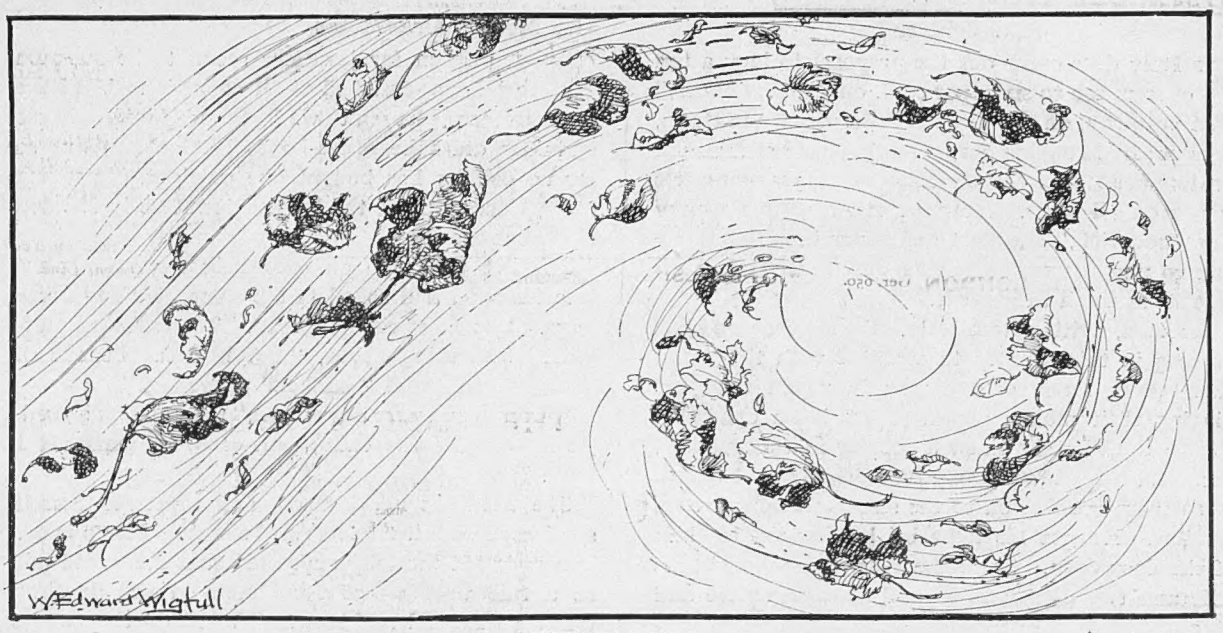
Signature of holder.....



GOVERNMENT!

By W. E. Wigfull

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Bill Gawber Orates

"I SEZ it ain't sportin' ter lay out Pussyfoot twice in a week," remarked Bill Gawber. "It's over doin' it like, specially as the pore (bloater) ain't got no (pink) chance in a free country, which by the way it (purple) well ain't, wiv a (gory) Coalishern in orfis, as 'as settled on it like that vulture wot nibbled the liver o' that Greek bloke, Prothermeus. But there 'e is, the pore (scorched) insect, wiv a bit o' beef-steak wrapped round 'is lofty brow . . . an' the Coalishern, as is tactful like, thinks this is the (foaming) sykerlogical moment ter give Pussyfoot another smack in the eye by lettin' out the whisky. I sez it ain't Christian. It ain't genteel."

"Do I understand that you regret the freeing of the whisky?"

"'Ow! do yer think I'm barmy? Though whisky ain't free, no more than this pore (ravaged) country. It's more like a quid a drop. But still, it does 'old out 'ope, which springs eternal in the 'uman 'eart. It makes one think o' the days when one was young an' 'adn't no cares as couldn't be drowned in a (boiling) pint. The trouble, Clarence, is there don't seem ter be no whisky ter set free. If only we could lay our 'ands on wot the Yanks don't want!"

Dumping

"BILL," I cried, "you shock me. Don't you realise that if the Yanks don't want their liquor (which I have my doubts of) they'll dump it over here at prices that would make White Label go pale?"

"White Label can go pink for all I cares," replied Bill. "I works in a stoneyard, not a (bubbling) distillery. It don't worry me. An' any'ow I got nuffin' agin' dumpin'. If I wants a thing, I likes it cheap. This 'ere Anti-Dumpin' Bill, thet's a proper specimen o' Coalishern dooges! If yer keeps out the cheap furrin things, yer gives a chance to the (rubicund) profiteers. I sez: Dump the lot, I sez."

"And how shall we pay for dumped goods, if we can't sell ours?"

"We'll (rosy) we'll pay with invisible exports. They don't sound as if they'd cost us much ter turn out."

"Yes . . . but what if the Hun starts dumping stone?"

Concrete

"STONE?" bellowed Bill. "They can dump wot they (foaming) well likes, including their (petrified) selves. But they got ter keep their 'ands orf stone. That's *my* trade. See? As if there weren't enough trouble in the yard already without any o' yer (crimson) Coalishern stone-dumping! 'Ave yer seen the new wheeze? There's a bloke called Daniel, as ort ter be 'urled ter the lions, as is tryin' ter build 'ouses in concrete. Concrete! Cripes! These 'ere modern times give me the sick. 'Ouses made o' concrete. Gaw! Wy don't they lodge us in amalgamated sardine tins? Wy don't they pull down the (fetid) 'Ouse o Lords an' run up a marquee fer the marquesses? I tell yer, Clarence, this 'ere Coalishern won't be 'appy till it's ruined the stone trade, by building 'ouses out o' the concrete as is left over arter they've filled the 'eads o' the M.P.'s."

"My dear fellow," I said, soothingly, "I like concrete no better than you do. But we want houses of all sorts, stone, brick, concrete even. We can't wait."

"Oh! Cawn't yer!" said Bill, bitterly. "Well, I tell yer that if they start messin' with concrete down our way, I'll . . . blow it up. Yer can tike that as a statement as can be described as . . . concrete."

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Who Wouldn't be a Cobbler?

If Italy does carry out the proposal to levy a tax of from ten to sixty per cent. on "war fortunes," that is to say, on the bloated gains of her profiteers, there is sure to be clamour for our Parliament to go and do likewise. But the situation in the two countries is not on all fours. However much we may envy the "new rich," we must remember that they have had to pay the excess profits duty. In Italy they just stuck to all they made.

A friend, writing from Italy, tells me that we have nothing in this country to compare with the "new rich" over there, or the way in which they are flinging their money about. Here is an example: Before the War she knew a cobbler in the smallest, humblest way of business. Just a shop about twelve feet square opening on to the street, without even a window. He got his light by leaving the top half of the door open. Since the War he has bought his wife and two daughters a pearl necklace apiece and an opera-box.

How it has been done nobody quite knows, but when you charge eight or nine times pre-war prices for mending a pair of shoes, and get work for the Army in addition, I suppose the money can't help mounting up.

The Modern Mrs. Midas

The passion for jewellery seems to be common to the war-enriched of all countries. We have seen it here, haven't we? Some funny people certainly did take opera-boxes last season, but so far no cobbler has bought one outright. Speaking of necklaces, one of the leading jewellers in London has a curious story.

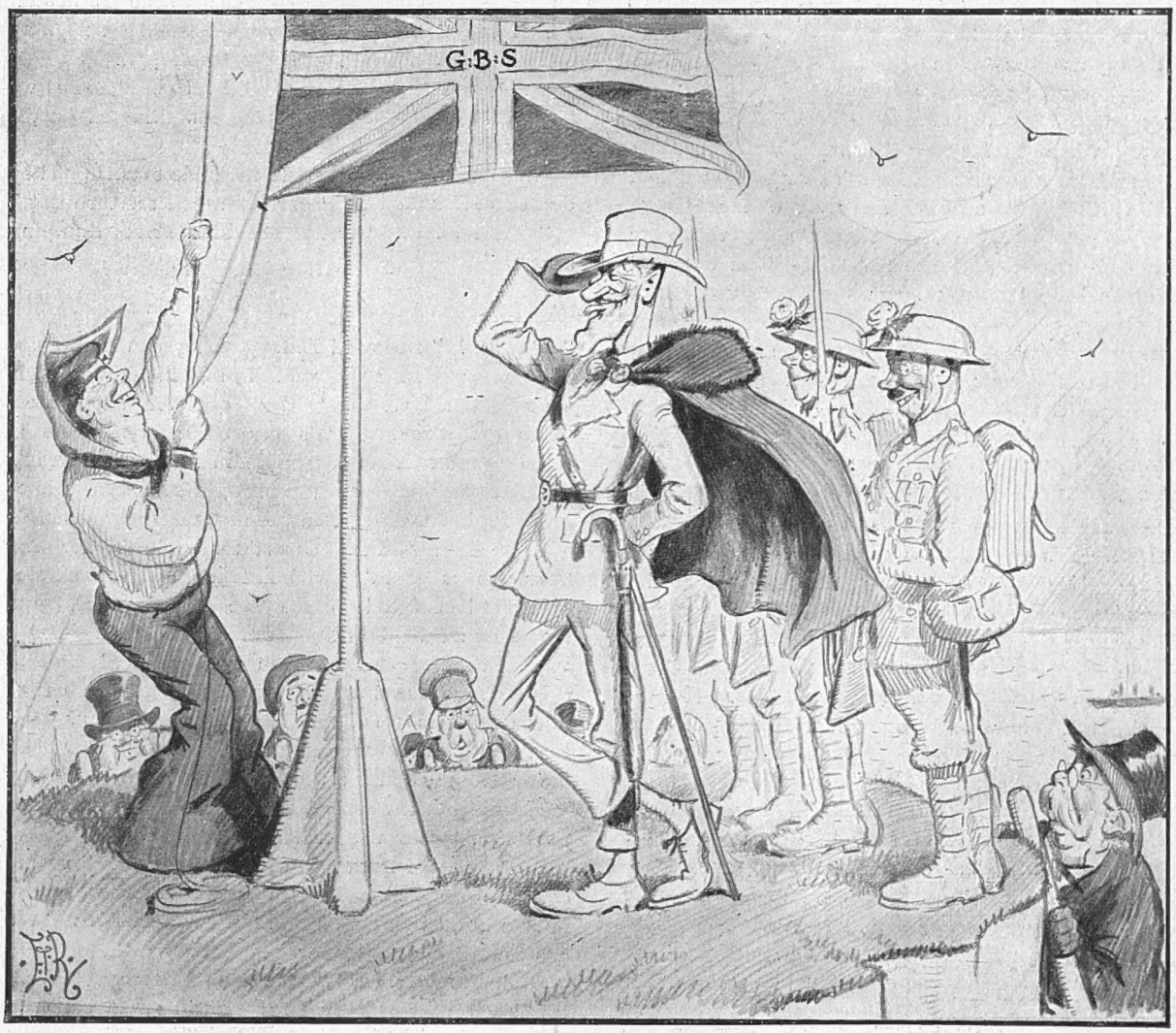
A short time ago an over-dressed woman went into his shop and asked to see some diamond necklaces. She chose one at £3,000. The assistant murmured something about, "not had the honour of your custom" and "bankers' references."

"Don't you worry about that," the dame answered. "I'm going to pay cash; spot cash, for whatever I buy!"

She tried the necklace on, and expressed herself so pleased with it that she said she would keep it on. The assistant tactfully suggested that ladies did not as a rule walk about the streets in the daytime wearing diamond necklaces. "What do they wear, then?" the dame demanded. "Pearls as a rule, madam." "Show me some pearl necklaces," instantly came the order.

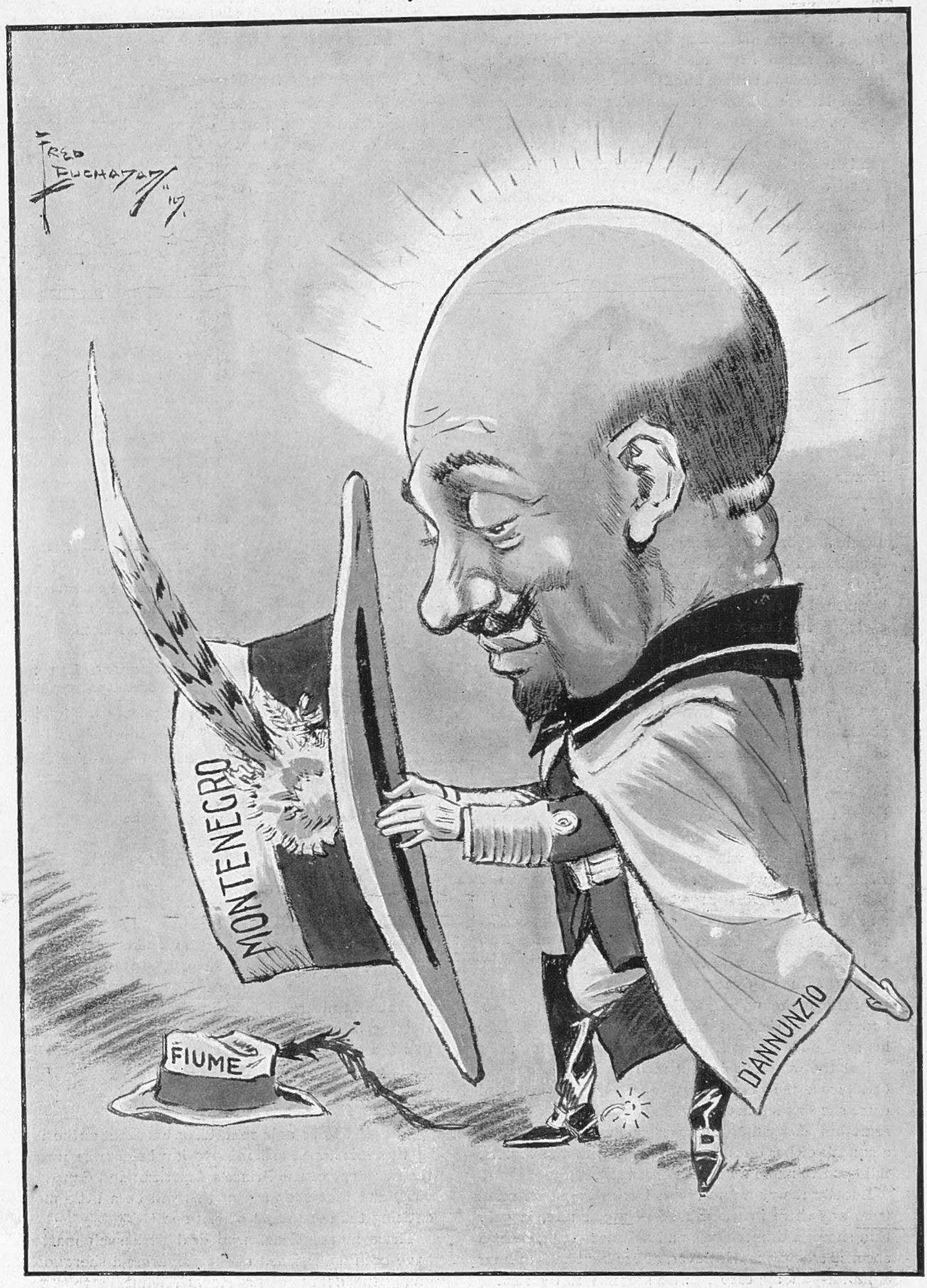
The dame chose a modest pearl necklace, price £1,800. This was placed around her neck. She

(*Continued on page 765*)



IF *OUR* MEN OF LETTERS BROKE LOOSE À LA GABRIELE D'ANNEXIO—
L'Illustrissimo Georgio Bernardo di Shavio hoists his flag over Heligoland and—begorrah!—decloines to be shifted!
By E. T. Reed

My Hat!



"SOMETHING NEARER THE SIZE OF THE HEAD"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

then tied the diamond necklace in her handkerchief and dropped it into an elaborate Dorothy bag. Then, to the amazement of the tactful assistant, she lifted her dress, disclosing a large bag of black satin buckled round her waist. From a pocket in the bag she drew out three bundles of £100 notes, twenty to the bundle. Two of the bundles she threw across the counter, saying, "There's four thousand!" Then, unpinning the third bundle and putting the pin between her teeth, she counted out eight notes—"And there's the eight hundred!"

The satin bag round her waist was so bulky that the jeweller believed she had thousands of pounds in it. You can carry a good deal in £100 notes. Just try and think of being able to ladle £100 notes over a counter just as if they were three-penny bits! It makes me dizzy!

"AND THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN"

By W. E. Wigfull

Beware of the Slam!

The amateur chauffeur should beware of the slammed door. A recently demobilised officer has to drive his landaulette because he can't afford a chauffeur. Last week he was driving his wife out to dinner at a friend's house a good many miles away from their own abode. In the very middle of a particularly large and particularly lonely common, something went wrong with the engine. Out hopped his wife from the inside of the car with an electric torch which she held whilst he investigated and tinkered. He found the trouble and remedied it, his wife moving towards the back of the car as he turned the handle. He heard the door slam, and, thinking she had got into the car, jumped into his seat, and, hey and ho! was off and away.

But the wife had *not* got into the car. The wind had blown the door to just as she got to it. And there she was left in the middle of the road, "a-'owlin' somethin' despit." The husband never heard even a squeak of her cries, but dashed on with the throttle full open to make up for the lost time.

Luckily it was a fine night, but to be *planté* miles from anywhere in the middle of a common, in only thin shoes, a dinner-dress and a flimsy cloak, is not a cheerful situation. However, after about half-an-hour a motor-van appeared. She stopped it by risking her life, waving her arms in front of it. The driver was young, and although he was only carrying ginger-beer, most suspicious. He was going to a town near the house where the poor lady's dinner was getting cold, but was obviously loath to give her a lift.

A Valid Reason for Distrust

In despair the poor lady offered him much gold, mentioning her name, where she lived, and the name of the people to whom she was going.

"If you're going to the ——'s, I suppose it must be all right," the driver answered. "We serve them with soda-water. Jump up, mum! You see, I thought you was one of them film actresses, and they'd be 'avin' me and the old 'bus on the pictures. And I've got into trouble once before with my girl through a film-actress a-riding on the van!"

Near the town they met a very white and harassed husband returning to look for the wife who was so mysteriously missing when he opened the door to let her out. As I have warned you, O, my hefty amateurs of the wheel, be sure and look after you hear the door slam.

An Unpleasant Egg for Breakfast

Some people are finding that the War has got some unpleasantly expensive aftermaths. Here is a cheerful situation with which to be faced on a foggy morning. One of our diplomatists in an enemy capital had to leave a houseful of valuable furniture behind him when he was given his passports in August, 1914. His property has been respected and the furniture is now on its way to England But the bill for transport is £800! It seems to me this is a case in which the enemy country should be made to pay.

Story of the Prince's Tour

I am glad to be able to state, on excellent authority, that it is hoped to be able to lay before the public the full story of the Prince's American and Canadian visit, and that the form of this will be a little more enticing than the usual official one.

Those in the Court who deal with such matters have been approached about preparing a short book, giving full details of his Royal Highness's tour, and the idea has been received with great favour by them.

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE

BY D'EGVILLE

Farewell to the Land Girls!

PRINCESS MARY PRESENTS MEDALS AT THE DRAPERS' HALL

The Land Girls are being demobilised, and at the last rally of the Women's Land Army, held last week at the Drapers' Hall, Throgmorton Street, Princess Mary congratulated the organisation on the fine work performed during the War, and distributed the Distinguished Service Bars to those who had won them. The recipients of this much-coveted distinction—given for deeds of bravery whilst in charge of horses, cattle, and the like—numbered fifty-five. The Princess is here seen decorating Miss Ascanio

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *December* 1, 1919.

DEAR COUSIN—

VERY dazzling and vertiginous they are, the contrasts of peace time. No half measures. No compromise. And between one end of the scale and the other, *such* lengths and depths and heights and widths.

卐 卐

TO begin at the weaker end, we're getting quite used to this sort of thing—"At the present moment 12,000 ex-officers are seeking employment in the London district. It is estimated that by the end of the year a total of 20,000 will have been reached. . . ."

卐 卐

AND this—"It is literally true that vast numbers of people will starve to death in Central Europe this winter if food does not come from America. No other country has surplus money or food. England certainly cannot give away more. . . ."

卐 卐

THAT'S one side of life in the Old World now. The other's *much* cheerier. Take the cotton boom. Mr. Solly Joel has bought up Horrockses for five million pounds sterling, and in Bradford, where the cloth for our clothes comes from, they're "simply sticky with money—some men don't know what they've made. . . ."

"Such coruscations of diamonds on heads and necks and fingers"

卐 卐

AND in "Society"—well, you'd only to climb those stairs at the first great political party the other day to discover how the favoured-of-the-gods didn't apparently sell off *all* their pearls and things to buy War Loan. Such coruscations of diamonds on heads and necks and fingers haven't so dazzled us since 1914. Such pearls of such sheen and loveliness—only one rope of them renounced, and there mightn't be quite so many of our "heroes" almost wishing they'd "gone West," too.

卐 卐

WHILE as for America (which has now "laid aside" the peace treaty!) for our daily reading, this—

There are 20,000 more millionaires in the United States than before the War. . . . Money-mad is the only accurate description of America to-day. . . . The Republic reeks with wealth. . . . There is an orgy of buying and spending. . . . Glittering, gorgeous, flamboyant New York screams wealth at you whichever way you turn. . . . The sole effect of the War on America was to make her embarrassingly rich. . . . A soul-sickening atmosphere. . . .

卐 卐

HALF the diamonds in all the world are theirs, and 75 per cent. of the world's gold. In Pennsylvani-a there's one motor-car, at least, to every twenty inhabitants, and in New York a hundred thousand private cars alone. Which reminds me, questions in the House last week about that amazing jump in the price of motor-cars—anything from £50 to £500—that happened at the Motor Show.

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AND talking of motor-cars and America—Prince "David" is back again in London fuller, I'm told, than ever of that charm with which the gods have blessed him, and nearly quite divested of that shyness which even the War didn't altogether strangle. He's had a gorgeous time over in the New World, of course, and been thoroughly "spoiled," as the saying is.

卐 卐

A VICTORIAN saying, I dare swear—*what* a generation of mistaken valuers that was! Nothing like "spoiling" *I* think, you know, to bring all the best out of the Best—who, unless a little petted and encouraged, are apt to fold their wings too tightly over natures too sensitive for this rough world.

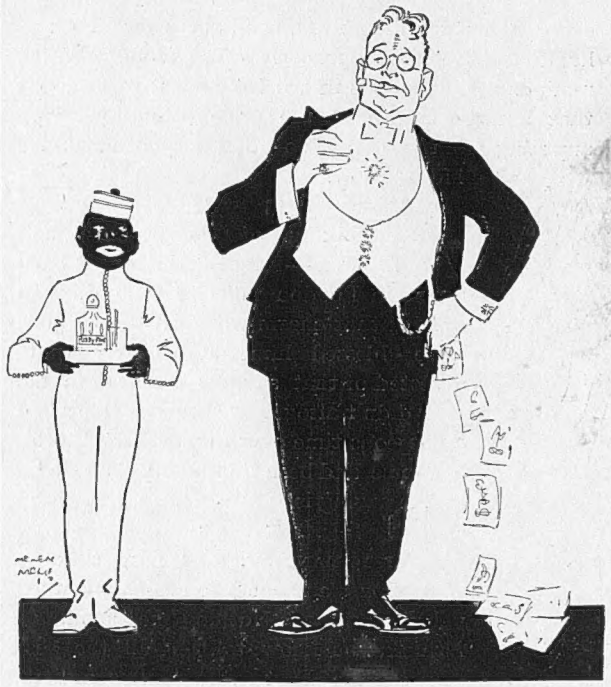
卐 卐

VERY interesting it'll be, tho,' won't it, to watch what sort of King he'll make, this princely lad, whose delightful boyish simplicity seems to overcome even the awful disadvantages of having had all paths smoothed for him?

"Almost wishing they'd 'gone West,' too"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

AT present, of course, his Royal Charmingness is doing it all on charm and that desire to please, that naïve inclination to gratify, against which few men and not a single woman is proof. For he doesn't read, and as Cicero (wasn't it?) said,



"Money mad is the only accurate description of America to-day"

"To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be ever a child." What is man's lifetime unless the memory of past events is woven with those of earlier times?

卐 卐

BUT so many men mature so late, and we must wait and see whether that outward languor of the future King of these our realms betrays, or doesn't, an inward ardour. Kings and princes, of course, must for ever be amateurs of life, for, in their case, the curtain of illusion, that plays so comforting a part in human affairs, is never lifted, and love, real love—that is lesser mortals' "strange gate into another world"—is seldom, for them, a passion politic.

卐 卐

WHICH is some consolation, what, to lesser mortals for having to enter life, as Lord Fisher says he entered the Navy, "penniless, friendless, and forlorn." Apropos of which, I wonder, though, how many of this generation will agree with the end of the Fisherian reminiscence—"I have always had to fight like hell, and fighting like hell has made me what I am. Hunger and thirst are the way to Heaven!"

MUCH more likely the way to the other place—which also begins with an H. But how pertinaciously it persists in the old, the *silly* idea that to be happy in old age—or another world—one must be unhappy in the one swiftly flying time that is given us to be happy in—the gold and silver time of youth. When one is old, in those *Heures lentes! Heures mornes!* when even ease of body is denied us, what does it matter, if *we're* happy or unhappy? Time, the inexorable, has filched from us the only thing that matters. It only remains to be valiant, to—

. . . . stand alone
And watch the sun
Burn out its heart,
Its passion done.

卐 卐

A PROPER peace-time mass of charity shows—bazaars, sales, matinées, dances, and so forth—crowd the days between this and Christmas here in London now. And for the rest, too, more and more the Great War slips into the mists of Time, and they seem oh! so far away, so forgotten, so very very lost to us, all those of whom Mr. Harry Cust once wrote that—

> Everywhere and everyday there will be amongst the living the others of their generation—a fellowship of presences, some dim, some shining, but presence never to be wholly put away—plucking at their hearts, flooding sometimes their memories, seeming sometimes to touch their hands . . . .

卐 卐

WE do all the things, every single thing, we did before the War. There mightn't have *been* a War—except for the ache in a few remembering hearts! Concerts, picture-shows, dances, dinners, luncheons, tea-parties, bridge, golf, winter-sports, hunting, racing, theatre-ing. . . . Everything costs, at least, double what it cost before the War, but everyone pays with that resigned—*cum*—humble air that was begotten of War, but ought to have been washed out now there's a Peace on.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE.

"Dinners and lunches"

He Smiles to Conquer!

Drawn by Abbey *Described by J.M.B.*

THE EMPIRE'S PREMIER BOND

A bashful boy, he might have been
"His Royal Shyness"——
His war "Ich Dien" begot the mien
Of royal highness.

Prince Charming captures Maple-land
And conjures Yonkers.
We understand the magic hand——
He Smiles and Conquers.

"Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirit"

THE DAY!

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

VI.—REGGIE ON THE PROFITEERS

"THE worst of these profiteers. . . ." I said.

"There is no worst about profiteers," returned Reggie, lazily. "Profiteers are all to the good. The popular view of them that they are wretches who ought to be dangling in rows from the gas lamps is lamentably wrong. It will be a bad day for Old England when we cry *à la lanterne* to these sublime patriots. When other people were enjoying themselves away at the War, seeing new lands and saying *napoo* and other things to young ladies in French *estaminets*, they stayed on in the dull old Homeland and gallantly set themselves to the hum-drum task of putting by a little bit for a rainy day. They had the nerve to only stand and wait.

"The average profiteer is a stout fellow, and I am not now referring so much to his waistband as to his sterling moral qualities. His nose may occasionally be on the curve, but his tips are straight, and his heart is always in the right place. It is a large heart, full of sympathy for himself, his wife and his progeny. He has seen so much of the miseries of other people that he is determined that never, no never, shall he and his travel through this weary world in want. His amassing of wealth is thus done from the purest and most noble motives. He is the industrious and worthy ant. If he has to turn down the thriftless little grasshoppers of this improvident country, he takes care not to let it worry him. He may seem cruel and heartless, but, as a matter of fact, his tummy is too full for words. And, as he tucks his ample wife into his roomy limousine, the tears run in pearly drops down his fur collar as he reflects that, owing to the increased price he has to pay for petrol, our food will cost us more. There are idle tears, crocodile tears, and profiteers, and of these three the consumer may take his pick. It is a free country, and anyhow whatever he chooses it comes to the same thing in the end.

"This worthy side to the profiteer is not sufficiently brought out in the attacks which are launched against him in the daily Press. But there are other points in his favour. It is forgotten that in the midst of a world which is spending furiously with all its four feet the profiteer alone tries to conserve. Other people have to get rid of their money as fast as they can. He collects it with equal enthusiasm. In this way he keeps it in the country. If it weren't for him goodness knows where it might not go to. Perhaps you might have some of it, old thing, or I might get a little more. It is to keep money from flowing too easily into the pockets of people like ourselves that Providence made the profiteer. You may say that it does not seem a good enough reason, but then you must remember the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Even the worm may serve its turn.

"Full of sympathy for himself, his wife, and progeny"

"But, as a matter of fact, the profiteer is just like bad manners—he is merely the behaviour of the other fellow. Nobody has ever knowingly met a profiteer. He is infinitely more elusive than the legendary deceased donkey. If you meet a gentleman who exudes wealth at every buttonhole, who is all dressed up but has nowhere to go—that is, nowhere worth going to—and who unguardedly admits that all's right with the world, you may bet your latest mortgage that a look of pain would come into his honest eyes at the

mere suggestion that he is a profiteer. He would tell you of a hundred people who had shamelessly put it across a long-suffering public. But *he* do such a thing! Why, perish the horrid thought! He has merely delivered the goods in accordance with the time-honoured laws of supply and demand, and if a few stray shekels have wandered into his own pocket in the process, well can you blame him? You can imagine the touching sincerity in his husky voice.

"And, 'pon my soul, I think he would be right. For a man to confess, even to himself, that he was a profiteer would be equivalent to saying that he didn't like himself. And no man in his senses would dream of doing such a thing. It's against human nature. There used to be a comedian who said fondly of himself, 'I like me.' There was much truth concealed behind that red nose of his. Every man likes himself. It's amazing, when you think of the faces that pass you any day in Piccadilly, but there it is. Single out the most detestable of your many useless relatives. Concentrate on him (or her) hard. Conjure up his manifold iniquities. Think of the horrid blot he makes on life's landscape. . . . And then, if you can, switch your mind round to the tremendous thought that he *likes* himself, and that if he had his way this poor, dear old world would be full of him. It's a devastating idea, but there it is. The millions of the world all love themselves. If a man ever says anything disparaging to you about himself, you may take it from me he has a lively ear cocked to listen to your indignant denial of a horrid slander. And if you don't hand it out prompt and hearty he'll dislike you for ever, and tell other people his true and candid opinion of you. The motto of this world is 'I Like Me.'

"Thus no man has ever felt himself to be a profiteer, although, as I say, he could tick off a thousand others for you in the telephone directory. The gentleman who has made a pile in bacon raves about his butcher, and would cheerfully hang his wine merchant. And yet his dreams are never troubled by any excess of indignation about the price of gammon rashers. His wife loves him, being an old-fashioned little body; and his children tolerate him with about as much enthusiasm as children ever do accept their parents. His chauffeur touches his cap, and the hall-porter at his club—one presumes that even profiteers have clubs of a kind—condescends to him in the usual manner. He lives a happy life, untroubled by any disturbing introspection. His affairs run on greased wheels. The campaign in the Press against profiteers has his hearty sympathy. He writes a letter to his newspaper about the exactions of the tea trade. But bacon may soar to ninepence a pound—or whatever the prices of these things are—and he lies down in his heavily gilt, Louis Quatorze bed with not so much as a ham bone on his conscience."

"Soloman did his bit"

"But do you mean to tell me, Reggie. . . . ?"

"I do. The *genus* profiteer has never yet been run to ground. There have been profiteers throughout the ages, but not one of 'em has ever owned up. Solomon did his bit, and Henry the Eighth carried on the tradition, on a rather retail scale, but they both of 'em thought they were remarkable fine fellers. One can imagine the thin time the local Profiteering Committee would have had if they had tried to disillusion them. But the *fine fleur* of the species has been reserved for this enlightened age. In more dignified days the Robber Barons extracted their excess profits with a spiked club. But though they engaged in a gentlemanly calling as gentlemen should they were really mugs at the game. They'd never heard of the department store, or the gentle middleman. Nowadays our Robber Knights are much more subtle and successful. They can do more with a card index and a telephone in five minutes than their rude predecessors could scoop up in an autumn campaign. But though this is the Profiteering Age; though the Middleman sits heavily on the middle portion of the Body Politic; though we are all in the stranglehold of a Nation of Shopkeepers; yet no man has been known to catch a profiteer. If you clap your hand on his fur collar, or seize him by the blue apron he bleats, 'It wasn't me, Guv'nor. It's that other cove who lives round the corner.'"

"Yes, but look here, Reggie . . ."

"My dear old thing, you're frightfully talkative to-day. That's twice you've interrupted. . . . . However, as I was saying, nobody has yet found a profiteer at home. And nobody ever will. You might offer a reward of half a million for any authentic member of the

(*Continued on page 778*)

A Christmas "Raid," 1919

THE TALE OF A BAG AND THE CURRENT NUMBER OF "THE BYSTANDER"

BY H. L. OAKLEY

species who would, of his own free will, come forward, present himself at the Bar of Public Opinion, and confess his sins. He wouldn't do it. The nearest you could hope to get to it would be to find him at the American Bar at the Savoy, boasting of what he did for the trade of the country at the Motor Show.

"It seems to me, then, that it's about time the country gave up this absurd hue and cry for the profiteer. They'll never catch him individually. So why not accept him cheerfully *en masse?* It's the New Nobility, and it's come to stay. Society is now composed of Labour Leaders, the Distressed Aristocracy, the New Nobility, the New Poor, and the Wealthy Proletariat, in the order named. You make, or lose, your money, and you take your choice. If you are prepared to wear either a fur coat or moleskin trousers, why then you can be prosperous and happy. But if you are not prepared to join in the swim, well step aside, my lad, and leave it to those who are.

"It's absurd to be narrow-minded about the New Nobility. Old William the Conqueror brought over with him as grasping a band of profiteers as any City gent could wish to see. It took a little time for the country to assimilate them, but it was done in the end. And nowadays we find that the descendants of these very same extortioners are accepted in the best and most impoverished society. Nobody throws up their past at them. It isn't done. If you heard a feller say of somebody else: 'Why, the dirty dog is descended from old Simon de Grosventre, who made his pile by selling glass beads to the Saxon peasantry.' — well, you simply wouldn't bother to listen to the chap. A feller can't help his ancestry, after all. Similarly the New Nobility will gradually shake down. It's the way this jolly old nation of ours has been made. That's precisely why we are what we are. And in two thousand, seven hundred and forty-three, or thereabouts, you'll find that the offspring of the profiteer of to-day who's saved his bacon, so to speak, will be moving in the best circles and marrying into county families. You or I may not live to see it, thank goodness, but it'll come all right.

"The profiteer is one of the glorious results of Victory, and it's no use cavilling at him. Think what he'd have done if we'd lost! And this futile business of trying to hunt out the poor devil is undignified. The newspapers ought to teach the public that their sole business in the matter is to pay up and try to look pleasant. It's really a new system of tithes. The country's got its New Nobility, and they've got to be properly supported. And when the humble citizen sees a large grocer in a fur coat stepping out of a limousine let him be taught to say to himself, 'There, but for a bit of bad luck, go I.'"

"But, Reggie, all this looks perilously like optimism on your part."

"Not a bit of it. Merely common-sense, old thing. If it's a case of being off with the Old Nobility let us, for goodness sake, get a move on with the New."

A Sure Thing!

HOST: "That's a beautiful piece, isn't it? Finest example known. None of the museums have got anything to touch it!"
GUEST: "By Jove! yes—wonderful—aren't you frightened of its getting broken, just lying about the place?"
HOST: "Oh, no, that's all right—I've got it insured!"

BY FOUGASSE

"LIMPID POOLS"

By BARRIBAL

"Grock" Off to the States

THE FAMOUS FRENCH CLOWN RECENTLY PLAYING AT THE COLISEUM

Good clowns are few these days. "Grock" is perhaps the most famous of the few. He began his career as a contortionist at the age of seven, and after learning most of what there is to know about horsemanship, acrobatics, wire-walking, and tumbling in travelling circuses all over Europe, joined the Paris Cirque Legrano, where he became famous

BY THORPE

'THE ECLIPSE' AT THE GARRICK

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by HARRIS

THIS is a distinct and welcome addition to the gaiety of Town. It is called a "Farce with a Few Songs," and that is about what it is; but, like most of Mr. C. B. Cochran's productions, it keeps well away from the stereotyped lines of conventional musical comedy, and is agreeably original in many respects. One novelty, for instance, is the introduction of Mr. Alfred Lester as a man with a lofty ambition to become a murderer on a large scale. I do not think Mr. Lester has ever been funnier than he is in this farce, but I should not be surprised if some of Mr Cochran's critics, lacking the saving grace of a sense of humour, should shake their gamps at him and charge him with endeavouring in this way to encourage crime. For Mr. Lester is quite frank about it. He is a waiter at a Biarritz Hotel, and there are people there who, from the waiter's standpoint, ought not to remain alive. There is the health maniac who drinks only hot water; and there is the despicable creature who makes one bottle of cheap claret last for three days' meals. Really, any waiter will tell you that the only thing to do with people like that is to kill them.

IT had not occurred to me before that murder could be so tremendously funny. De Quincey, it is true, considered it as one of the fine arts, but it did not seem to appeal to him as a fit subject for rollicking mirth. But I saw staid, respectable old ladies that evening lean back in their stalls and laugh aloud at the delicious idea of braining somebody with a brick. The entire audience laughed and cheered as Mr. Lester mentioned, one after another, in the course of his song the names of distinguished people he was anxious to "do in." This song, entitled "Crimes," is quite the hit of the evening, and the music, which is by Mr. Herman Darewski, must have been composed by that gentleman in one of his happiest moments.

SOME musical comedies have practically no plot; but this one has at least two. The first plot concerns a Murillo for which Felicia Whitehouse, daintily represented by Miss Nancy Gibbs, has paid no less than thirty thousand pounds. And as she is naturally anxious to get the full value out of her picture, she carries it about with her, and leaves it on her bedroom mantelpiece when she is staying at a hotel. This brings us to Caroline Drayton, bluntly described as "an adventuress," the same being Miss Teddie Gerard. Caroline is in the picture-stealing industry, and with respect to this Murillo, which is being left so carelessly about the place, she naturally feels she is on to a soft thing. It's like picking up money. Especially as, with a confidence in human nature that is as sublime as it must be rare, Felicia does not even lock the door of her room at the hotel when she goes down to dinner. Indeed, the theft of the picture is such a simple affair that it might almost be beneath the dignity of an expert crook who likes a job with brain-work in it. All you would have to do would be to open the door, walk into the room, remove thirty thousand pounds from the mantelpiece and retire gracefully. There's no art about a theft like that.

BUT Miss Teddie Gerard takes her job very seriously and very charmingly. And that seems to justify a personal note. A prominent authoress recently declared that the backs of women were

unsightly. I cannot, of course, debate such a question with a lady, who obviously has far greater opportunities than I for the close observation of specimens and the collection of data for her argument; but Miss Gerard must surely be the exception that proves the rule, and I think it is very sweet of her, knowing what a beautiful back she possesses, not to keep it all to herself. In a little note on the back of the programme, Miss Gerard confesses that she never wears corsets. I am not sure that this explanation was really necessary, because if she had been wearing anything of the kind that evening we should certainly have seen it. But, then, no one could dance with the grace and perfection of this popular lady in the corset of convention.

THE second plot is all about an eclipse of the moon. There is Professor Yaxley at the hotel to expound the theory that the effect of an eclipse on the human brain is such that no one can remember afterwards what took place in the ordinary way while the phenomenon lasts. In short, to put it in language that we can all understand, you couldn't remember to-morrow morning what you had for dinner to-night. One or two of the enterprising guests, on having this matter explained to them, act on it promptly. A middle-aged colonel, for instance, decides to propose to a fascinating little widow, in the confident expectation that the lady will not remember enough of the event to be in a position to follow it up the next day. And the hero of the piece goes even further. Having proposed to the heroine, and half-gained a confession of her love, he chases her to her boudoir to renew his appeal.

THE professor is anxious to make an experiment about this memory business. He has been trying for some time to invent a pill that will enable those who wish to retain their memories during an eclipse to do so easily. The first pill he invented was poisonous, so that would not do. As to the second invention, he cannot tell without practical experiment whether it is poisonous or not. He therefore hits upon the happy idea of offering Mr. Lester and Mr. Pope Stamper five hundred pounds apiece if they will test the pills. If the pills are poisonous it will, of course, be a pity; but if not, these two gentlemen alone of all the distinguished company will

NANCY GIBBS
THE SINGING FASHION PLATE

FARREN SOUTAR

THE CORKSCREW CRIMINOLOGIST
ARTHUR HATHERTON

be able to remember all that happened during that exciting time. The money is paid over in notes with no guarantee that if the pills prove fatal the professor will not restore the notes to his own wallet. So, perhaps, it is as well that the pills prove to be quite harmless.

But when the professor retires from the scene he leaves behind as useless the pills that have been proved to be poisonous. This is Mr. Lester's chance. He thinks of the hot-water-drinker, and the cheap-claret man, and he can't help feeling that luck has come his way with a rush. The calm nonchalance with which he drops poisonous pills into the drinks of his victims is really very funny, though I think my grandmother would have frowned a little on such a scene. It is true that the pills prove to be quite harmless, but I fancy that stern casuists would argue that murder had actually been done. Mr. Lester's drollery would, however, disarm any kind of a hostile critic; and we were all far too busy laughing to worry about what precisely it was that we were laughing at. The daintier side of the farce is represented by Miss Nancy Gibbs and Mr. Pope Stamper, who deal with the sentimental singing very attractively, while Miss Daisy Hancox as a charming "widowette" takes a lighter, but no less competent, view of her musical responsibilities. "The Eclipse" is a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment from first to last.

JINGLE.

Photograph] MISS ODETTE MYRTLE [*Foulsham and Banfield*

As she appears in the revue "Bran Pie" at the Prince of Wales Theatre

Summary Courts, Medals, and Chevrons

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

REALLY it looks as though the last part of the War were going to last as long as the first. The latest official view is that we may have peace by sometime next year—for the War is still on. At home, you may have thought that peace came when the slaughter ceased twelve months ago; or when the Armistice was signed; or when the terms of the Next-War—pardon, Peace—Treaty were published; or when the Huns signed those terms at Versailles; or when they ratified them; or when we and a few dozen of our Allies ratified them. In all these conjectures you were wrong, at any rate, as far as Rhineland was concerned. Here the War is still raging. All war-time restrictions of the German Government stand as before—except where we have ordered their removal. The provisions of the Peace Treaty as to the government of the Occupied Territory have not yet come into force, and the inhabitants, of course, are still under martial law.

THE Summary Court, a pleasant little institution of ours for dealing with all kinds of recalcitrant Germans, from non-saluting officials to wealthy smugglers, is still in full swing, and while the castigation of some humble municipal employé for failing to salute an officer may be more a necessity than a cause for rejoicing, he would indeed be filled with the spirit of charity, even unto overflowing, who failed to gloat over some of the cases that are dealt with. The sight of a wealthy profiteer baker, fat and greasy, who has made huge sums out of the hungry workers of Germany during the War, standing tremulous and apologetic between two bored sentries with fixed bayonets on a charge of receiving stolen canteen stores, is a truly gratifying sight. And the justice meted out by the captain or major at the table is quick and sharp; in fact, the whole proceedings have much more of an orderly room than a court-martial or police-court flavour.

"Between two bored sentries with fixed bayonets"

REALLY, this long drawn out delay in the arrival of the real Peace is making us anxious. If something is not done soon, we shall be threatened with another medal, for A of O service. It is quite two months since we had the last one, that exclusive decoration, the "Victory" ribbon, and already some of the heroes who spent the War up till November, 1918, braving the hardships of life in the "Bolo Club," or gallantly repulsing the German hordes on the Rouen front, are beginning to ask when their subsequent sufferings climbing the endless stairs of the Excelsior (when the lift is out of order) or hairbreadth escapes (from A.P.M.'s) in certain renowned Weinklausen and Dielen, are to meet with suitable recognition.

"Prospects of an early demob."

Perhaps a bar to their O.B.E.'s would most fittingly meet the case.

Pending the arrival of these, however, we are still allowed to pile up chevrons for our gallant service here, and this is a valuable concession. Prospects of an early demob. make everyone chary of buying new uniforms, and carefully arranged chevrons can do much to rejuvenate an aged and careworn sleeve. A parsimonious staff captain, who spends most of his life in an office chair, recently remarked that it was a shame that the tunic was the only garment on which they could be worn—he could have disposed of his collection to greater advantage in a far more serviceable, if less dignified, position!

Triumphs of Invention

No. I.—THE TELEPHONE

BY ARTHUR WATTS.

The Temples of Terpsichore

by C. Patrick Thompson

The new religion is the worship of Terpsichore. For Eve, the criterion of dullness now is not an ignorance of the inside workings of the political Punch and Judy or the facts underlying the latest scandals; but an inability to do the Spanish one-step or a failure to balance gracefully on one leg and flirt the other backwards as high as she dare whenever her partner gives her the opening. Dance, and the world dances with you. Don't dance, and for all the fun you'll get in Town you might just as well be busy out with Denikin trying to suppress the Bolshevics.

If you are not coming up for the season, if you prefer to pass the winter conforming to the ideals of G.B.S. on country-house life, with perhaps a modification of the sleeping and a magnification of the flirting, I fail to see how you can avoid falling *dans le consommé* eventually. Myself, I was perilously on the brink when I arrived. All the nice new steps I had laboriously acquired last leave were almost without exception *napoo*. The shimmy had changed, the dip had vanished, the jazz was no more. I found it annoying; and yet I do not grieve, for most of the new steps are scrummy. In fact, I liked each one better than the other, and my instructor had forcibly to steer me off an endless repetition of the last taught step. I wanted to whirl, especially reverse whirls.

I really think one gets absolutely the best dancing, though, in what one may call the "murky dens." I won't name the "murky dens"—they might not perceive that the term is a compliment—but you must know 'em well. It's positively extraordinary, the number of hole-in-the-corner haunts that are springing up all over the place on the edge of winter. Most of 'em are run, I suspect, by subtle psychologists who are alive to the tremendous fascination the mysterious has for the ordinary respectable you and me, who dance at Prince's or the Ritz or Ciro's, Put wooden blocks down in a cellar, or polish the boards of an attic, and without a word of printed advert., along flit the gilded beans, keen as mustard on what is, for at least three weeks, the last word, my dear, *the last word*.

I was dragged off to a place of this sort in the wilds of Notting Hill Gate by a delightful creature who really believes Brixton is a jungle and Norwood a desert second only in desolation to the Sahara. Five large cars stood outside an obscure pile in a back street. There, in a room near the stars, I was shown the "latest things" by a stout lady with an Italian name and a middle class voice. But it was good fun. I danced until I fell over a little trapdoor let in the floor for the convenience of the gasman.

All the money-suckers of Society, from crystal gazers to songster pianists, have forsaken their dark practices and become the priests of Terpsichore. Financiers are speculating in dancing halls. Yankee negroes who earned a competence in the guise of jazz musicians are paying super tax on incomes earned in the new rôle of artists in syncopation. If a restaurant is going bankrupt it clears out half its tables, establishes an orchestra of a flute and a few tin cans, and straightway becomes solvent. Ex-officers no longer invest their gratuities in Ford cars, they open dancing-rooms—witness the Brayton Galleries. Rector's flings out a tentacle into the suburbs—witness the Palais de Danse at Hammersmith, with its eighty instructors (if you've mislaid your partner, you may borrow an instructor for sixpence per dance),

I perceive the fashions of Eve saturated with the Terpsichorean influence. All the frocks one sees after lunch give one the impression of having been made with an eye to the possibility of its wearer being whisked, at any hour of the day or night, all unprepared, by some determined Adam, into some haunt of dance. Even at Olympia, which was like a football scrum, all the women looked as though they had just slipped in from the Portman Rooms or the Grafton Galleries, or were just off thither. Even, even in such a place as the London School of Economics—which exists, although you have never heard of it, tucked away behind Hammerstein's metamorphosed white elephant in Kingsway—the pale young devotees of economics and political science have their brief lunch-time hour of worship in the Central Hall. In Kensington Town Hall and in Australia House they dance. And at the uttermost limits of the tube, at Golder's Green, the dear vicar holds his fortnightly hop in the Garden Suburb Institute.

But you cannot conceivably keep up with the ritual which flashes and changes almost nightly. Fly over to Paris for the week-end, and you may well return on Tuesday mid-Victorian, archaic, absolutely out of it. There are wayside altars all over England, and a cloister in every country house, but Town is the inner temple

Temples of Terpsichore: No. I. The Ideal—and Real

GOOD MANNERS, JOLLITY AND EXPERT DANCING

A combination of the ideal and the real is generally accepted as an impossible entity. At one of the Mayfair dance-clubs, however, a combination such as this has been attained as near as may be in an imperfect world

BY HELEN McKIE

"A Waste of C

Or, Three

Good Moonlight"

's a Crowd

BY WILMOT LUNT

The Bystander IN PARIS

"THE ELECTIONS"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,—

EVERY one makes himself silly with the elections. It is our misfortune that we have so many beautiful orators. Even the cinés and the café concerts have been used to make speeches, and the poor gentlemen who wish to be deputies have made so much oratory that one is quite sure no one knows how to make his vote. I am glad that here in France the women do not have to vote like in England. Perhaps, too, it is very well for the deputies, because it is only for one man that we would vote—the one who would come in the night with a wagon and put some coal in our cellar.

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ÉDOUARD, our cousin, is become a candidate, and it was that way that I have wished to help him, that we should get a ship of coal from England and give a sackful to all the people in his *arrondissement*. I am sure that that way he would succeed, but without it no, because he supports the Government, and the Government has not succeeded in one whole year since the armistice to give us coal.

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THERE is of this business to be a deputy some great mystery, because it is only a very little that we pay them, and yet there are five gentlemen who wish to be elected for every place, and to each it will cost perhaps one hundred thousand francs. I have asked Édouard what the secret is, and he has said: "Oh, perhaps one will succeed to be made a minister." Of that I have not much confidence, but it is perhaps the explanation why in the Chamber they change the Government so often. It is in that way that every one will have a chance.

"'Moi, je ne sais rien'"

WHEN one does not talk of the coal and the elections to make the conversations at tea, it is then that we discuss how they go again to play the music of Wagner at the Concerts Pasdeloup. In the summer *Monsieur le Préfet* has forbidden that they should play "Lohengrin" at the concerts of the Tuileries Gardens, because he has been afraid that perhaps our people would go and throw stones at the orchestra. But for the Pasdeloup they have made a referendum, and nearly every one has voted that one shall play again the terrible Wagner.

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THE first day it has been so funny. When the orchestra was begun, an old gentleman has walked with a so great fierceness to the conductor and said, quite loud: "*Zut, monsieur*, it is a little too soon, is it not?" and then he has walked out. And there was a lady who has made a speech, but the trombone has made a loud note, very long, and she has sat down so that we have had our concert.

(*Continued on page 792*)

"There was a lady who has made a speech"

What About Your Xmas Presents?

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM OUR ARTIST'S LIST

BY HEATH ROBINSON

"THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS" (concluded)

It is a little of all our discussions my idea that it is not the ones who have of the Germans the greatest hate who do not wish to have the music of "Tristan" and "La Mort d'Yseult," but those who are only of another taste. But for me it is more reason to play the music of Wagner on a French piano than to play the French music on a piano that is made in Germany. It is not much that we have succeeded to take from Germany with our victory and our Peace, and so it is that I think we should take her music.

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There is every day also another discussion which we have before to go out in the morning. It is always the same. "And who, then, do you think," we ask, "will be making the strike to-day?" There was one day that I have met a *vendeuse* of a shop where I go, who was on strike. "But why?" I have asked, and she has said: "*Moi, je ne sais rien*, but regard, *mademoiselle*, how it is the only thing that is not taxed and is not mounted in price." It is the first time that one has given me so good an explanation.

But it is, all the same, what you will call a "bore" that when one goes to buy the hair-pins and to pass an hour to look what one wishes to buy, to find how the shop is closed because of the *grève* or that the policemen make so much protection from the *grèvistes* that one cannot succeed to enter. And then when one goes home very discouraged, there will be perhaps a *panne* of the metro and one will rest in the tunnel for an hour while the great directors of the company will telephone to monsieur the Minister of Coal that he will be so polished to send them a little piece

"Seen how the men were come with the spades"

because their fire that makes the electricity to drive the trains is gone out.

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Oh, yes, it is difficult in this time to live in Paris and to keep good the temper. Already there are so many who run away to the Midi, like our aunt Madame de Lubersac on the day when they have begun to make a new *pavé* in her street. Everywhere they do that because there are so great holes that have not been mended in the war. Our aunt has looked out of her window and seen how the men were come with the spades and the barrows, so many that they looked that they would carry away the fortifications, and at once she has said, "*Je pars*," and she has packed, and is departed all in the day. And there are so many who go away like that, that already one cannot succeed to find a place in the trains unless one will engage it three weeks and one month before to depart.

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And of our trains, when one has succeeded — what will one write? Everywhere they have a *panne* like in the Metro, so that one does not know how one will ever arrive. There was one day, for example, that Frédéric has gone to the courses at Maisons Lafitte in the special train that makes the journey in forty minutes without to stop. It has been at twelve hours and a half that he has parted because the races would begin at one hour and a half. But when they have made half the journey the train was stopped. "Get on," every one has said, "we will miss to see the first race." "*Mais je ne peux pas—peux pas*," the driver has said, because he has not had any more coal. Frédéric has said that it has been like in an attack to hear what every one has said. But that has not succeeded to make the train go, and it has been three o'clock when at last they have succeeded to finish their journey. Yes, it is like that just now in France.

Your friend, Agnes.

MLLE. LA "CAPITAINE" JANE HERVEUX

A Frenchwoman who has recently been made an honorary Captain in the French Air Service, she recently set out on a flight to Havana.

"The Winter of our—" Continent!

"Aren't we lucky beggars thus to escape all the gloom of the English Winter!"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

Beau Brummel in His Shirt Sleeves

By ARTHUR MILLS

With the conclusion of Peace the younger generation are again giving attention to their clothes. Piccadilly, Bond Street, and Pall Mall have regained something of their air of being thoroughfares for the idle rich. Well-cut suits, varnished shoes, elegant cravats—all the little things so dear to the heart of Beau Brummel—have come back again. In restaurants and theatres white waistcoats, ornamented with buttons of price, are putting to flight the informal dinner-jacket and black tie. A visitor to our shores would say London is once again herself, since the well-dressed Englishman for whom she is famous, is to be seen again about the streets.

▣ ▣ ▣

It is only the initiated who realize the subtle change that has come over the town. London is really quite a different place to-day from six years ago. The air of easy leisure, that belongs by tradition to the West End, is now no more than a veneer. It is a remarkable fact that nearly every man one meets now has gone into business. Very keen business men they make, too, these young men, whom one might have expected from their up-bringing and appearance, to have no heavier cares than the choice of a gun or a horse. There is no false pride about in these days; if a man's job is selling candles, he tells you so at the first opportunity and asks you to buy some. One had to walk as warily at the motor show at Olympia as down the streets of an Eastern bazaar. The young gentlemen, standing by their limousines surveying one critically through monocles, were all past masters in the art of selling cars. The unwary visitor would find himself inveigled into making a purchase as quick as it took ink to dry upon a cheque.

▣ ▣ ▣

In Society six years ago "touting" for business was attributed to an industrious race known as "drummers," reported to live in America. Now, if one goes to a club—and a club patronized by modern Beau Brummels, at that—as likely as not one will have a proposition put up to one by a neighbour at lunch.

A PERSONAL QUESTION!
Bore: "Have you ever longed for death?"
Victim: "Whose?"
By F. R. Grey

▣ ▣ ▣

The Army in peace time was once a career that gave a fair amount of leisure. Staff officers at the War Office used to do about as much work as is done by unpaid directors of moribund companies. Regimental officers took annual leave of between two and a half to six months. "There is nothing like that about us now," any soldier will tell you. "Of course, work is not as strenuous as it was during the war, but if you can't command a company on the South Coast from a hunting-box in Leicestershire, as in the good old days." Medical students and undergraduates appear to get out occasionally in the afternoons; at least, this fact is deduced from recent reports of their activities in the Press. But they, too, are sensible of the fact that it is not possible to lead a butterfly existence for long.

▣ ▣ ▣

Not only in business, but in their homes, our young men are ready for any sort of work. One hunting man of my acquaintance always helps to groom his own horses. Though he pays twenty-five guineas for a pink coat, he has to economise over his stable hands, and cannot afford a second strapper, so turns out cheerfully of a morning and evening to take a share of the work himself. With the independent spirit of modern servants, who, like the celebrated A.B., come when they like and go when they like, it is well for every man to be able to help himself in his own house. Making beds, cooking breakfast, and cleaning boots are simple enough little tasks, though the original Beau Brummel would have stayed in bed a fortnight rather than bestir himself to such a purpose.

▣ ▣ ▣

I think sometimes there walk down St. James's Street, in the small hours, ghosts of the past, who stand and shiver at the sights they see. For though Beau Brummel is still there, outwardly the same elegant man of leisure as of old, on closer inspection it may be noticed that he is standing in his shirt sleeves, doing a job of work.

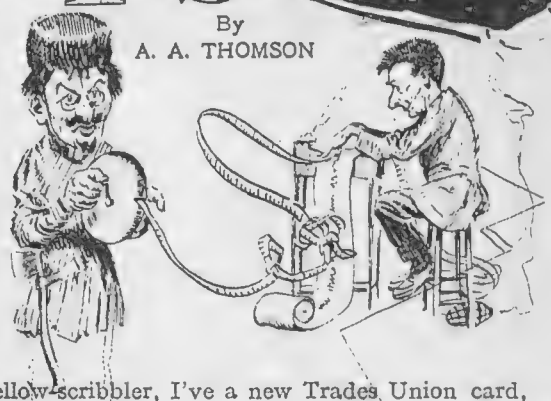
The Brand of Cain

Of course it will never be like this. The usual anæmic "finding" similar to the Dardanelles "Report" will come along, which will almost conclusively show that nobody at all was responsible for the origin of the Great War

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

SEASONABLE GIFTS

By A. A. THOMSON



As Mr. Koko once remarked, I've got a little list
Of all the Christmas presents that I feel I must insist
On sending to our Great Ones, just to show that I'm their friend,
Their ever-faithful *dévoté*—and this is what I'll send.

For ev'ry fellow-scribbler, I've a new Trades Union card,
Whose object is to raise his price to half-a-crown per yard;
A Mills grenade for Trotsky, with some friendly words, say, these—
The well-known minute: "*Passed to you, for* hari-kari, *please.*"

To peerless Mr. Pussyfoot my charming gift shall be
A large estate, well watered—at the bottom of the sea.
Those striking personalities, whom labour seems to irk,
Shall find themselves rewarded with a little job of work.

To literary admirals I'll send (brought up to date)
My monumental monograph on "Swear-Words While You Wait."
I'll find for couples newly wed a spot to build a house in,
And rent a spacious graveyard for the Gloomy Dean to grouse in.

I'll furnish *parvenouveau* knuts with half a pair of spats,
And ravish Winston Churchill with a hundredweight of hats.
A consolation coronet I'll send, inlaid with pearl,
To England's only brewer who has not become an earl.

I must inform you (though this verse will make my poem a long 'un)
A length of hempen cordage I'll address to Amerongen,
And then I'll give to our Old Bill—a boon he never sighed for—
That mighty place within the sun the other William tried for.

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

The "I. W. W." Again

(MEANING, IN THIS CASE, THE "INDEFATIGABLE WONDERS OF WHITEHALL")

FATHER: "How many people work in your office?"
SON *(Government employee)*: "Oh, about half!"

BY BERT THOMAS

Onoto Pens

Self-Filling Safety

15/-
upwards.

It's going to be a Great Christmas!

There is going to be a great giving and receiving of presents, and lots of letters of thanks will be written. That is why, at Christmas especially, an Onoto is such an acceptable present.

You can send the Onoto by post just as you buy it—*filled with ink* and ready packed in its neat case. You have only to tie a label round it.

The Onoto pen is the simplest pen to use. It is always ready to write, fills itself, and never gives a moment's trouble.

Thousands of Onoto Pens have been sent out by post in white silk-lined cases. But though every Onoto has been posted full of ink, not a single drop has ever been known to stain the silk lining! What clearer proof could there be that *the Onoto cannot leak?*

The Standard
ALL-BRITISH FOUNTAIN PEN

MADE IN ENGLAND BY
THOMAS
DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.,
London.

The Last Eight Bars

By GEOFFREY D'EGVILLE and GEORGE FRANKLAND

Illustrated by A. GARRATT

LONDON was electrified. One topic alone thrilled the clubs, the restaurants, the river. Strange, lilting melodies were floating through the great city; a weird, indefinable *something* held the citizens in its thrall.

What was this dance—this "Dance of the Witch of Endor"? What uncanny spell had it over the dancers? What occult quality had its music that it should hypnotise a whole roomful of sane, matter-of-fact Britons? Only yesterday the renowned Miram Haxim, the most notorious materialist of the age, had fallen victim to its charm, whilst sitting over a cup of after-dinner coffee.

George Landwish faced his Editor. He had been sent for.

"There's something fishy about this," the stern man in the desk-chair remarked. "I want you to get to the bottom of it. It's sheer devilry—but there must be some logical explanation. Find it!"

The young journalist walked out of the sanctum, carrying a brief report that had appeared in the *Daily Scrap*, the rival paper. He noted that it was by Grimshaw, a man whose imagination was prone to run away with him, giving him an ability to record ordinary events in most highly coloured language. He knew Grimshaw—a good chap on the whole. He must see him.

The taxi-driver who condescended to stop at his signal, leaned out from his seat, and asked in a hushed whisper: "Have you heard it, sir?"

"Heard what?" asked Landwish, astonished.

"The music. They've got it on a gramophone now—all but the last few bars—and they says everybody as hears it goes off into a faint. *Queer*, I calls it."

Landwish thought the man was raving. "Savage Club!" he shouted, and jumped in.

Grimshaw was just leaving. "Good man! glad to see you. I know what it's about. Give you all the help I can. Most extraordinary case. Jump in! We'll interview the Professor together."

In the taxi Grimshaw imparted his story.

"No tuppenny-ha'penny yarn, this, Landwish—a real stunner—something beyond the pale even of *my* imagination—not of this world at all. It's devilish——."

"Tell me from the beginning," interposed Landwish.

Grimshaw, the "Weasel," as he was playfully called, screwed up his little eyes, and a slow smile flickered across his features.

"Ah, yes! I forgot this story was exclusive to my paper. But everybody knows now, so I don't mind throwing in my lot with you—share alike!"

"I'll do the same for you one day, Grimshaw."

The two shook hands.

"Well, I heard about this thing first from a friend of mine—an inveterate gambler—spends all his time in weird, out-of-the-way corners of Mayfair. One evening, it appears, a little old man got up from the tables and walked over to the piano. A dance was suggested. He played a few notes—a few bars—a few minutes—and, would you believe it? when my friend, the gambler, came to, there was everyone peacefully snoozing at the tables—but the little old man was not at the piano. A couple, who had risen to dance, stood petrified in each other's arms; the money on the tables—there was *no* money on the tables. . . .

"My friend, the gambler, pulled himself together, walked over to

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"THE LAST EIGHT BARS" (*continued*)

the piano, and, to break the spell, struck up 'God Save the King.' The piano was toneless. Its soul had gone with the mysterious melody, and not one of those who came out of the trance could recall any part of the elusive music. They one and all only remembered seeing the little old man walk to the piano. How's that for a yarn, eh?"

Landwish nodded thoughtfully.

"The orchestra had the music; they played it, and people danced. The music *was* extraordinary: it made me feel as though the immortal part of me was being drawn by some evil spirit from my body. The people danced, I say—danced as though in a dream—and I seemed to dance, too, but I am not certain, for I was sitting down when I . . . awoke." Grimshaw faltered.

"In a dream he dictated the 'Dance of the Witch of Endor' to me with its marvellous elusive music"

"I cannot believe it to be anything else but a yarn," he observed, drily.

"Wait!" Grimshaw snapped. "Little things like this began to crop up all over London. There were whisperings of a strange new dance, with weird, fascinating, elusive music; and, finally, I got wind that it was to be formally introduced at Lord Standish's dance last night. Of course, I was there. I can't describe it. It's beyond me.

"When you awoke?" Landwish put in.

"Yes! I heard it—the music—stop, and then it didn't seem to finish properly, and went on at the beginning again. Several people noticed this. The whole room was as it had been during the dance. The dancer's stood in each other's arms. The atmosphere was murky, and the glare of the lights through the smoke was frightful. Then, suddenly, I heard a voice—weak with fatigue, but clear as a bell—ring out, 'God Save our Gracious King!' At once the dancers began to relax, and some almost fell. All were surprised to find they had not been dancing.

"This was the best story I ever had; but, as my hostess begged me not to give too much publicity to it, I just put in that little paragraph you saw. Here we are! we shall hear the Professor's story." The taxi drew up at a house in a respectable-looking street off Baker Street. There was a brass plate which read, "Mons. Paul Dragotin. Professor of Dancing. 2nd Floor."

The door was opened by a somewhat shabby-looking man-servant.

"Oui, monsieur, ze Professor eez in, but he eez *très malade*— not at all vell. Who shall I say, monsieur?" was his answer to Grimshaw's query.

"No use making any bones about it," aside to Landwish; then, to the man-servant, "Give him my card."

The man-servant retired, leaving the door open. In two or three minutes he returned, opened the door more widely, and bowed.

"Ze Professor vill see you, messieurs."

When the two men entered a rather dark room at the back of the house they were confronted by a little grey-haired man, whose eyes gave evidence of prolonged wakefulness.

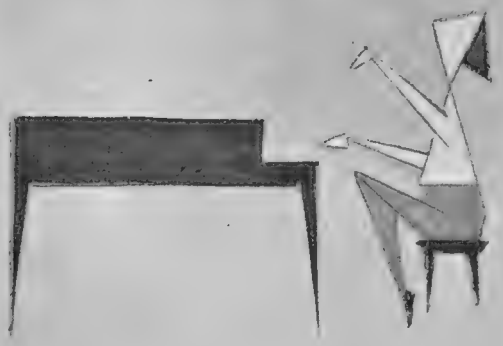
"I know why you are here," a thin voice said quickly. "I am only too ready to tell you. If I had not told someone soon I should die. Perhaps even now it is too late to look for any help in the companionship of my fellowmen. You see, I have no friends."

After this astonishing opening, the tragic little figure leaned against the corner of the mantelpiece, and began to tremble.

"Pray compose yourself, Professor," Grimshaw replied, seating

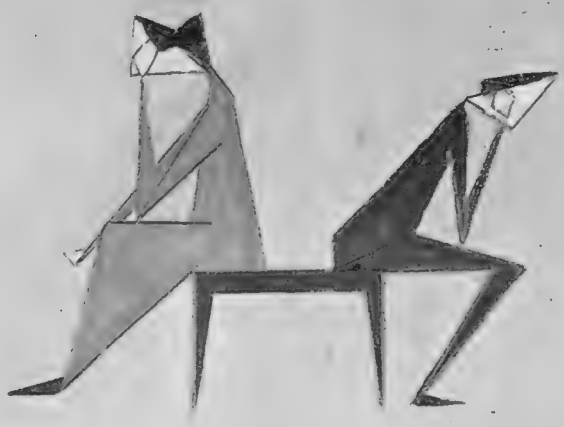
(*Continued on page 802*)

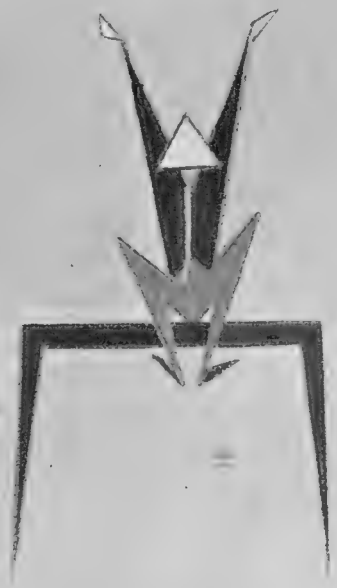
Oddities and Oddments



Marco the Musician

To him melody is horrible,
a thing out of date & uneducated.
He composed revolutionary
outbursts in fights & spasms.
The Vulgar call this discord.





His neighbours are vulgar, their agonies are indescribable.

He employs a charlady
to do for him — she
often wishes she could.

NEW CHELSEA—No. III.

BY LAURA WILDIG

"THE LAST EIGHT BARS" (*concluded*)

himself. "Will you not tell us the story of your new dance? We may be of assistance to you. Who knows?"

The little old man was in evident distress. Frequently his tongue passed over his dry lips in telling his extraordinary story.

"I was poor and getting old. My wife had been taken from me to an asylum. She was the sanest woman on earth, but she practised —what shall I say?—communication with other worlds; and, as her powers became dangerous to certain people in high places, they took the only step possible to protect themselves. If I had had money, I could have put her in a private asylum by the sea—and I *wanted* the money—I would have died for it.

"Then it was that the Devil came to me in my sleep. In a dream he dictated the 'Dance of the Witch of Endor' to me, with its marvellous elusive music. It was difficult to remember, but, on waking, I managed to set down the whole dream, with the exception of the last eight bars. These, try as I would, I could not recall, and it is those last eight bars that are wearing me down. I wondered, as I wrote, whether I had pledged my soul to the Devil, and I am wondering if it is not better that I should *not* recall the lost bars. Then I felt, if I *did* recall them, my name would be great, my wife would be saved, and . . . and . . ." The old man buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

Grimshaw and Landwish exchanged glances. The latter placed his hand kindly on the Professor's shoulder.

"When does the next exhibition of the dance take place?"

The old man looked up. His eyes were full of fear.

"At the great Court Ball," he uttered hoarsely.

Whilst the two journalists sped away towards Fleet Street, Landwish sat silent. The "Weasel" stared blankly at the people and shops with unseeing eyes. Occasionally he advanced theories, or scraps of theories.

This memorable Court function had not gone on long before it was evident that anticipation of the "Dance of the Witch of Endor" had killed interest in the earlier dances. When the conductor rose from his seat to lead the "Witch" music the excitement was intense.

The colour and lighting schemes were brilliant in the extreme. The high officials, diplomats, and other great personages present guided their ladies to their places, and, on the raising of the conductor's *bâton*, two men, who stood near the main entrance to the ballroom, adjusted some apparatus over their ears.

The music began, and the dancers immediately became absorbed. The two journalists had noted that the Professor was not present, and they now observed that all those who were not dancing had passed into a species of trance; but the music they heard not.

The lights had become perceptibly dimmer.

Grimshaw, the "Weasel," was master of the situation. In his excitement he was above himself, above his normal personality, and suddenly snatched the apparatus from his ears. Landwish followed suit.

"You are not going away? You are *not* going away?" Grimshaw repeated several times in the other's ear. "We both have the strength of will to withstand this." And the dance was drawing to a close.

The dancers had stopped. The conductor, having reached the point in his unfinished music beyond which he knew nothing, had dropped his *bâton*. The orchestra stopped playing, *but the music went on of its own accord for eight weird bars*.

Simultaneously the great doors flew open, and three men in Mephistophelean costume came dancing in and passed among the rigid dancers, who mechanically dropped purses, rings, and jewellery into large red bags which the men carried and held open.

The two journalists stood rooted to the spot, conscious of all that passed, but powerless to move.

The three devil-garbed men danced out, and the doors closed.

Grimshaw took his friend by the wrist.

"Listen!" he hissed.

A trumpet sounded.

The great doors reopened, and an Exalted Personage stood on the threshold. He regarded the strange scene with amazement.

Grimshaw's voice filled the hall with the National Anthem. The lights went up again. The conductor recovered consciousness. One by one the instruments joined in

"Come!" whispered Grimshaw, and the two men fled, hailed a taxi, and, in twenty minutes, were in the little side-street off Baker Street.

The door on the second floor was open, and they hurried in. In the little room lay the white and wasted figure of the Professor.

As on their previous visit, he was the first to speak.

"I knew you would come, but you are nearly too late. The music—the music——."

Something seemed to stick in his throat.

"It went on to the end this time," put in Grimshaw.

"Yes, I was too ill to go. But, as in a dream, I found myself there, and I willed—I say, I *willed*—that the music should go on."

He half sat up in bed, and his eyes flashed ominously.

"This strange power was given me, and I was absorbed in my desire, and knew nothing until I found myself there. Then came a knock at the door, and my reward. Three strangely dressed men entered, looked at me, and grinned, and each deposited a bundle of money and trinkets in the corner of the room."

The old man pointed feebly, and the two journalists saw and were convinced, for there lay the three red bags.

"They grinned again as they went out," went on the old man, "and then, when my deliverance, as I thought, was at hand, came a message." He produced a crumpled ball of paper in the palm of his hand. "My wife—dead!" he managed to gasp.

"I am going, too. Going—ah!—but *not* to her." He fell back on his pillows. "The Devil calls . . ." There was a slight catch in his breath, and he lay still.

Sudden terror struck Grimshaw to the soul.

"Come, Landwish! As you say, we are meddling. There are certain things left best alone. I bow to your judgment. Come!"

And the two men fled into the wholesome night air.

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Black Diamonds

OR, A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM DADDY!

HIS WIFE: "How lovely! But are you sure you got it honestly?"

BY W. E. WIGFULL

From the Footlights to the Fairway

On the Royal Wimbledon Course at the end of last week, a match was played between the Stage Golfing Society and the Royal Wimbledon Club. In the singles, the Actors were beaten by ten matches to eight, and in the foursomes each side won four matches, the remaining match being halved. The Club thus won by 14 matches to 12.

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

V. R. PRICE (MAGDALEN)

The general utility man of the Oxford Rugby team. He has played in every position behind the scrummage from half-back to full-back, but in spite of, or perhaps because of, this he is by no means certain of gaining his Blue. He is also a very useful cricketer

GAMES and PASTIMES

YACHTING

The Revival of Class Racing

At the special general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association, held recently at the Langham Hotel, the recommendations of the recent International Conference were adopted practically *en bloc*, though it seems possible that the recommendations of the Conference as to the classes to be established under the new International Rating Rule may undergo revision. This, however, is a matter of minor importance. What matters is that Class Racing has been once again set on its feet, and that the efforts of those who have sought to bring the sport within the reach of the man of moderate means have been entirely successful.

The Smaller Classes

The man to whom initial outlay is a matter for careful consideration has been admirably looked after by the adoption of the French 6½ and 8½ metre classes, and the Swedish 30 and 40 square metre sail area classes, which have proved so popular and successful in their respective countries, as well as of the English Boat Racing Association's 18 ft. and 12 ft. classes, beloved of the small boat sailer. A further point is that boats built to these classes are already in existence, so that racing in them can begin right away, whereas the new International classes, being new, will of necessity take some time to grow. The dates of next season's regattas are not yet definitely fixed, but a provisional list of dates, beginning, as usual, with the river matches of the Royal Thames Y.C. at the end of May, has been drawn up, which shows that it is fully intended to revive class racing in all its pre-war glory. Cowes week is provisionally fixed to begin on August 2.

GOLF

The Amateur Championship

The proposal to alter the conditions under which the Amateur Championship is competed for, which will come before the delegates in Edinburgh on the 8th inst., has created a good deal of excitement in the golfing world. Hitherto the championship has been decided by match play over 18 holes, the only alteration made since its institution being that from 1896 onwards the final has been a 36-hole match. The new scheme is to hold an eliminating competition by stroke-play over 36 holes, the first sixteen players to qualify and to play for the championship by match play over 36 holes.

A New Scheme

The reason which has prompted this new scheme is apparently that an 18-hole match is too short an affair for a match in the championship, because in an 18-hole match an inferior player may happen to play above his ordinary form, and, aided with a bit of luck, to beat a first-class golfer, whereas in a 32-hole match he would almost inevitably find his proper level. To make every match a 36-hole

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

match under existing conditions would be impossible, because the competition, if the entries are as numerous as they were in 1914—and they are not likely to be fewer—would last too long. The eliminating competition is accordingly devised in order to admit of four rounds of match play over 36 holes (including the final) to be played.

Pros and Cons

THERE are many who think, not without justification, that the existing system has worked extraordinarily well. They contend that, although there have been upsets of form from time to time in the course of the competition, it has seldom, if ever, failed to produce the right man for champion. It is further contended that the Amateur championship has always been a match-play event, and that to introduce stroke play into it is to rob it, partially at any rate, of an essential feature; and in support of this argument it is pointed out that only 16 players out of about 200 or more get any match play, although among those whose goose is cooked in the eliminating competition there will probably be many who are better at match play than medal play. On the other hand, there are many of those whose opinions are entitled to respect, who strongly favour the proposed alteration. After all, in the Amateur Championship, it is the views of the best players which matter, since they are the people who will be affected by any change, and it may, therefore, be assumed that the decision of the delegates, whatever it may be, will reflect their wishes.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT

Playing lawn tennis at Cambridge, where he recently took part in a hard court tournament, and showed very promising form. It will be observed that he is a left-handed player

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 'Varsities

THE 'Varsity "Soccer" match has never been such a favourite with the public as the "Rugger" match, and this year, because it has been fixed for Dec. 10th, the day after the "Rugger" match, instead of some time after Christmas as heretofore, it finds itself more than ever overshadowed, as far as the outside world is concerned, by the more popular event. At the 'Varsities themselves, however, and among amateur players generally, the Association game is in a better position than it was before the War, when it was still suffering from the effects of the split between the F.A. and the A.F.A. The 'Varsity teams have both had a number of trials against teams the majority of whom have been fully capable of extending them, and their form, if somewhat uneven (like that of the "Rugger" sides), has been distinctly promising. I am inclined to give the preference to Cambridge, in spite of the fact that they came rather a cropper against the Casuals last Wednesday. H. S. S.

THE RIGHT WAY TO TACKLE AT "RUGGER"

This snapshot, taken during the progress of the match between the United Hospitals and Edinburgh University at Richmond last Wednesday, shows one of the Hospitals team tackling a Scottish forward in the correct manner, and in accordance with the maxim "Go low," which is too often neglected. The Hospitals won the match by 10 points to 5

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By Field Stream and Covert

"WE'LL ALL GO A-HUNTING TO-DAY"
Some of the Field with the Taunton Vale Hounds riding to the meet

A Run with the Quorn

HOUNDS were running in much better form during the past week than had been possible earlier in the season, and this good scenting spell happily coincided with the country being in excellent riding order after the sharp nip of frost. I do not think that any run which will live in the history of the chase has yet been seen this winter, but there have been plenty of hunts which show that foxes will still make good points when hounds are able to press them. The Quorn found a useful scent after meeting at Ratcliffe last week. Cossington Gorse provided a straight-necked fox. Wilson, the huntsman, was considerably bothered at first, the fox being headed several times, but a smart forward cast, which indicated that he is no unworthy successor to the long line of famous Quorn huntsmen, enabled hounds to get out of their difficulties. The result was a clinking gallop of forty-five minutes over seven miles of country, the point being nearly six miles. Just when the efforts of the pack seemed likely to be crowned with a fitting reward, a fresh fox jumped up in front of them, and they had to be stopped soon afterwards.

FAIR FOLLOWERS OF THE HOUNDS
Lord Dudley's three daughters at a meet of the Worcestershire Hounds

Pytchley in Form

EXCELLENT form, too, was shown by the Pytchley last week. To begin with, they had a really good day from the kennels, giving their followers all the galloping they wanted. Later in the week they were in the cream of some delightful hunting country when meeting at Yelvertoft, and the field was something like that which we used to see in the old days at that popular fixture. The day was fairly well advanced before hounds started on what proved to be their best run of the week—a five-mile point from Stanford Hall through the Hemploe to Naseby. In Yorkshire the Bramham Moor continue to do very well, one of their best days following their meet at Bickerton Bar last week. They covered at least thirteen miles in the course of a fine hunting run of two hours, with a point of about half that distance. Major Lane-Fox's pack is unquestionably upholding its high reputation.

The Portman Hunt

IT is satisfactory to know that Lord Portman's Hounds will continue to cover that pleasant district in Dorset which was hunted by the late

Photographs *Sport and General*

ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES TO RESUME SPORT

There will be hunting again next term with the Eton College Beagles. Some of the pack are seen with the Master, Mr. J. F. de Salis La Terrière

sportsman for more than sixty seasons. Financially, however, the Hunt will in future rest on a different basis. Onerous Death Duties make it impossible for the present Lord Portman to meet all the expenses of hunting the country as his predecessor did. And so, like the Badminton, Belvoir, and other great feudal hunts, which in modern times have had to change their constitutions, the Portman Hounds will become a subscription pack. On its new lines the Hunt is sure to be well supported. A. W. C.

Racing Notions

THE JOCKEY CLUB. By "CARBINE"

Coming Changes

I HOPE the Jockey Club will follow up the complaints of inferior accommodation for the public at many race meetings which were made to their Committee of Inquiry. At Epsom and several other places, those who pay to use the stands and enclosures are scandalously treated, and the authorities should stop the licenses of those courses until they receive a guarantee that the necessary changes will be made. As a result of last week's important meeting the position of racehorses looks likely to come in for a welcome improvement. The racecourse proprietors will be called upon to find more added money. It is an excellent suggestion that not less than £100 shall be added to sweepstakes. For owners to have to race entirely for their own money, as they do in some races at present, is ridiculously inequitable. I am glad, too, that bigger prizes are to be given to seconds and thirds, for that will be an inducement for horses to be ridden out for places, and will produce not only larger fields

MEET OF MRS. C. W. B. FERNIE'S FOXHOUNDS AT KIBWORTH

The famous Leicestershire pack is being hunted this season by the wife of the late Master

but better racing. It is quite evident that the Jockey Club do not intend to allow racing to remain in its present unsatisfactory condition. Without going to extremes their proposals are well considered, and will be welcomed by the owners and the public alike.

New Members

My congratulations to Lord Wavertree, Mr. J. Reid Walker, and Major E. Clayton upon their election to the membership of the Jockey Club. It is a dignity which any follower of racing would be proud to hold. The Jockey Club is a self-elected body, yet that fact does not diminish the confidence which the great majority of racing folk place in its judgment and conduct of affairs. There is just a danger, of course, that some of its members who have long since given up the ownership of horses will get out of touch with racing as the years pass on, and it is extremely advisable, therefore, that the Club should lose no opportunity of revivifying its energies by the acquisition of virile new blood. Lord Wavertree should have been elected long ago. You will know him better, no doubt, as Colonel Hall Walker, whose princely gift of the National Stud to the country placed him in the debt of everyone who has the interests of British bloodstock at heart.

Steeplechasing

I thoroughly enjoyed my first day's steeplechasing this winter at Newbury last week. The weather was bright and fine on the opening day, and although it was rather a poor programme, the racing was interesting enough to watch. We meet people out steeplechasing who seldom go racing under Jockey Club rules; the paddock, indeed, seems to

Photograph *L.N.A.*

WELL OVER THE WATER AT NEWBURY STEEPLECHASES

Aunt Anna and Sword Dance both subsequently fell, but the former was remounted and finished alone

RACING NOTIONS (concluded)

contain a new set of faces, mostly of the true sporting cut. I often think that not enough is done to encourage National Hunt racing in this country. The stakes are paltry for the most part, and horses have to be very carefully placed if they are to pay their way. To win the Grand National is the summit of ambition of the average owner of chasers, and that has a tendency to spoil the winter season, as many good jumpers are prepared specially for Liverpool, and their other engagements are regarded with comparative indifference.

THE START OF AN OFFICERS' RACE
At the Annual Agricultural Show recently held in Buenos Aires

Current Sport

Among various performances at Newbury, I was chiefly attracted by the smart display given by Salt Spray in the Novices' Steeplechase. Like so many other good jumpers, he comes from Ireland, and should make a name for himself over the fences in this country. In hurdle-racing Somerville gave a very promising display, and Irish Fair looks like doing good service for Mr. Bottomley. This week-end we shall be at Sandown Park, where we can always reckon on lively jumping meetings. Until the form settles down a bit I shall not attempt much in the way of selections—by the way, I hope my tip for King John at Manchester enabled you to wind up the flat season in the proper style. On Friday Chicago may win the Annual Hurdle Race, and on the following day Culprit the Sandown Steeplechase.

Stock in Argentina

Our illustration of a recent horse show at Buenos Aires, with officers on their chargers in front of the grand stand, reminds us of the great strides which Argentina has made in the breeding of horses and other pedigree stock during the past twenty years. Vastly enriched by the products of the soil, Argentine breeders have never hesitated to give great prices for any horses, cattle, or sheep which they believed would improve their stock. The great estancias have spent enormous sums on the best pedigree bulls and rams exhibited at British agricultural shows, and the result is they now claim that the quality of their beef and mutton is equal to that produced in this country. Such thoroughbred horses as Craganour, Diamond Jubilee, Val d'Or, Jardy, Napoli, and others have had an extremely beneficial influence upon their bloodstock.

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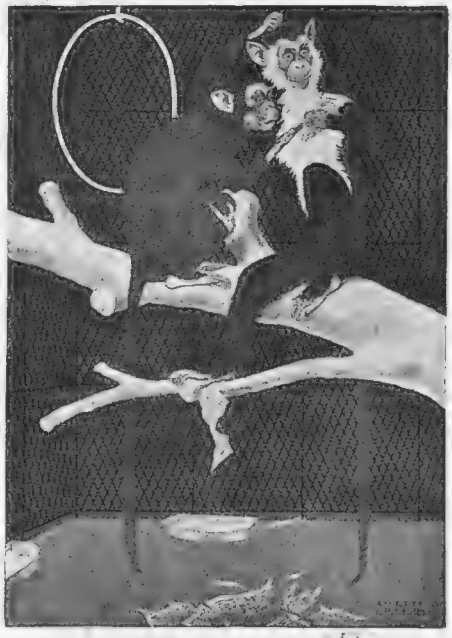

"Conscription"

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17 ins. by 12 ins. at 1s. each.

MOURNFUL FOR MONKEYS.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

My playful philosophies are never remarkable for tolerance towards Old Men. And, being true to my generation, I censure the futilities of Age as pungently as I shall criticise the follies of Youth when I grow old, if ever. This is one of the joys of being Irish.

We are perpetually threatened with a New World, although, early 1914 wasn't a bad one. To add to the horrors of our butterless Peace, it is claimed by Dr. Veronoff that the grafting of the interstitial gland of the monkey on an old man will bring back his exhausted force and lost youth, and restore his physical and moral vigour.

The experiments have proved wonderful. A decrepit ram, equal in age to a man of seventy, underwent rejuvenation and pranced about with youthful joy. Deprived of the grafted glands the ram returned to its senile condition. Which was, of course, rather rough on the ram. The possibilities are boundless.

It will be inspiring to see our Cabinet Ministers on a spring morning gaily tangoing down Downing Street and ecstatically humming amorous love songs. And when they break their pledges, we shall deprive them of their monkey glands and let them return to their previously unpleasant condition—which was the fate of the poor ram.

And when the Old Men start their next glorious war, Youth will conscript all monkeys. Then the newly glanded Old shall have the privilege to be the first to prance "over the top" with starry eyes. Let us hope there will be no monkey shortage.

Another experiment of Dr. Veronoff was the grafting of the thyroid body taken from a monkey to an idiot boy. Two years later he joined the Army. Oh, Mars, was this a proof of sanity?

From the scientific point of view the discovery is absorbing. I shall welcome the physical rejuvenation of our Old Men, even though their monkeyfied mentality of necessity remains unchanged.

At present Pope and Bradley's clientèle entirely consists of young and virile men. The styles of the House are not suited to elderly or obese figures. Grafted glands may, however, create a new connection. Meanwhile, prices still defy a Profiteering Tribunal.—Lounge Suits, from £10 10s. Dinner Suits, from £14 14s. Overcoats, from £10 10s.

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A New Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

MR. BENNET COPPLESTONE is one of the most engaging writers we have. He is so jolly about things, even when they have little to do with that Navy which he knows so surprisingly well. In his latest book, however, the Navy comes in for front place. *The Last of the Grenvilles* (Murray: 7*s.* net) tells a story which smells of the sea, and yet Dickie Grenville, its hero, has to wait until a late chapter before he is properly a-serving the King. But make no mistake. The dear old Commander, his father, who was unlucky enough to lose a ship years ago, may for very good reasons have decided that Dickie shall not go to sea; but most of the boy's spare time is spent on board the yacht *Revenge* with its curious ratings and that stolen Hotchkiss, which can make such a noise, and you know well enough that a Devonshire lad with a name like Dickie's is not going to spend all his life at Lloyd's. Even Mr. Copplestone would not invent so horrific a tragedy. The War comes, and gives to both Dickie and his father a chance.

MOST of the book has to tell of a Dickie not yet grown up. The good yacht *Revenge* has, however, the most grown-up kinds of adventure. The Hotchkiss gun nearly causes international trouble, and, thank goodness, it does, for you will not get many chapters like the one which describes the "Minutes" which the Grenville *entourage* is required to submit to My Lords at Whitehall. There is, too, a terrific adventure on a submarine. John of the many ratings is superb. The Commander is one of the most lovable men in the world, and the son takes after his father. When the War comes they are serving on the same auxiliary cruiser. There is tragedy here, but the Commander meets with the death of a hero, and Dickie, of course, has not the smallest intention of being the last of his family. Mr. Copplestone deserves all our thanks; his book is splendidly clean and valiant and bright. Be sure that you read it.

❀ ❀

IN these days, I suppose, the Civil Service is fair game for the satirist. Mr. Edward Shanks, leaving crowned Queens of China and such-like exotics, turns his attention nearer home, and in *The Old Indispensables* (Secker: 7*s.* net) produces a prose "romance of Whitehall," which is extraordinarily funny even in the places where its satire is poorest. He deals more especially with the gentlemen who during the War ran the Circumvention Branch of the Circumlocution Office. The War proved a shock to many good and faithful servants of the State, from which they are never likely to recover completely. It may be that a hundred years hence this rather wicked onslaught upon the poor dears will not be understood. But if you happen ever to have been brought into touch with one or other of the "Circumlocution" Offices which really exist, you will be able to laugh very heartily with Mr. Shanks at this ludicrous peep behind the scenes. It is a joyfully candid affair, and I shall not easily forget that poor wretch who obtained the C.B.E. in mistake for the C.B. which he coveted and most certainly deserved.

❀ ❀

MOST people seem to have found English grammar the very dullest business ever invented. Those weary hours when we were set to do parsing and analysis—how iniquitous it was to waste time in that way! It may be, however, that the grammarians themselves were at fault. Such, indeed, seems to be the opinion of that comet of a man, Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who besides writing novels and stories, examining for the Universities, lecturing here, there, and the other place, is a keen educationalist and (rather oddly, perhaps) a master at one of the large public schools. His pupils may tell you in confidence that he is "rather mad," meaning, however, that he invariably commands their attention and arouses their interest. And in order to infuse a breath of fresh air into the teaching of English, he

WHISK(Y)ED OFF HIS PUSSY-FEET By STONE

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

has compiled *An English Course for Schools* (Grant Richards: 6*s.* net), which merits a very warm welcome and will not make bad reading for the adult. I could even believe that the stupidest lad ever born to rag a "beak" would find something to interest him in this admirable book. Unorthodox, your old-fashioned teacher may call it, but it is alive, and long overdue. Mr. Mais's examples of English literature are well-chosen, and the examination papers at the end should be a god-send to masters. I particularly recommend the earlier chapters to some of our lady-novelists.

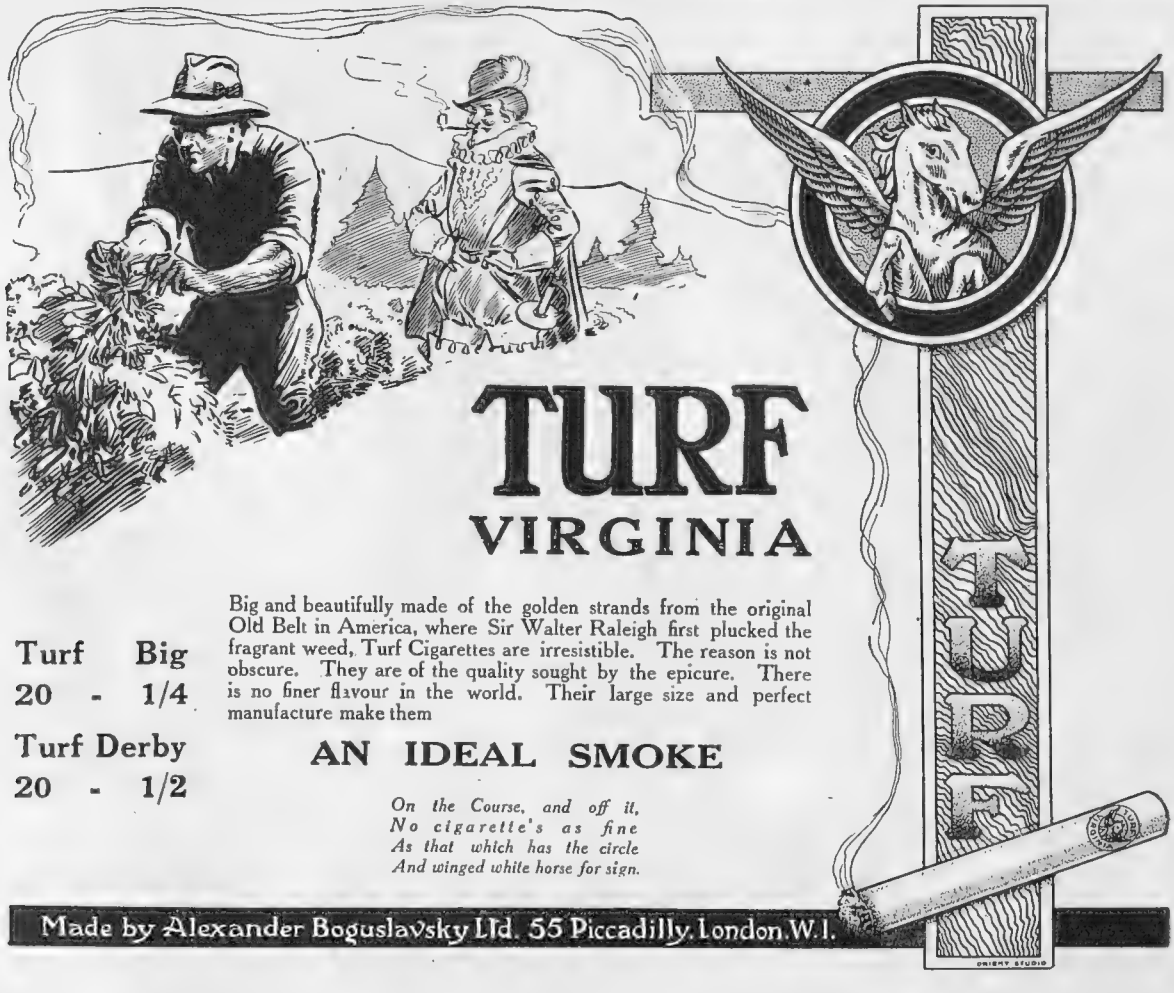
Photograph *Lafayette*

THE MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND

The wife of the Right Hon. the Marquess of Townshend, who has recently published "The Widening Circle." The Marchioness Townshend is the author of "The King's Garden" (verse) "Maxims and Musings" and other literary works

PARODY is at all times a difficult art, but what are we to say of a Frenchman producing some really first-rate parodies of contemporary British writers? This is what M. Jules Castier has done in *Rather Like . . .* (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). We are told that they were produced during the author's imprisonment in Germany, and in a publisher's note some of the victims express their very natural astonishment. It is little short of amazing how he has done it. The Leonard Merrick is extraordinarily good; so are the H. G. Wells and the Williamsons. The Shaw playlet bristles with Shavian quips, and draws no mean acknowledgment from G.B.S. himself. Mr. William Le Queux is pilloried in the neatest fashion, and Mr. Chesterton with charming modesty thinks that the parody of his own work is "probably greatly preferable to the original." One or two of the pieces are less satisfactory, but the collection as a whole is remarkable, and how a Frenchman ever did it the Lord only knows.

THAT old, old house, that was once part of a church, with its ghosts and its Family Curse, has been done almost to death, and it is a pity that Mr. G. I. Whitham should have chosen so hackneyed a theme for his romance, *St. John of Honeylea* (Lane: 7*s.*). Of its kind, however, the story is good. Evelyn St. John has a character of his own, and wins through after experiences which a lesser man might not have been able to withstand. And his old retainer, Blaikie, is carefully sketched in. It is an old-fashioned story, too long, I fancy, for some tastes, but interesting and agreeably written.



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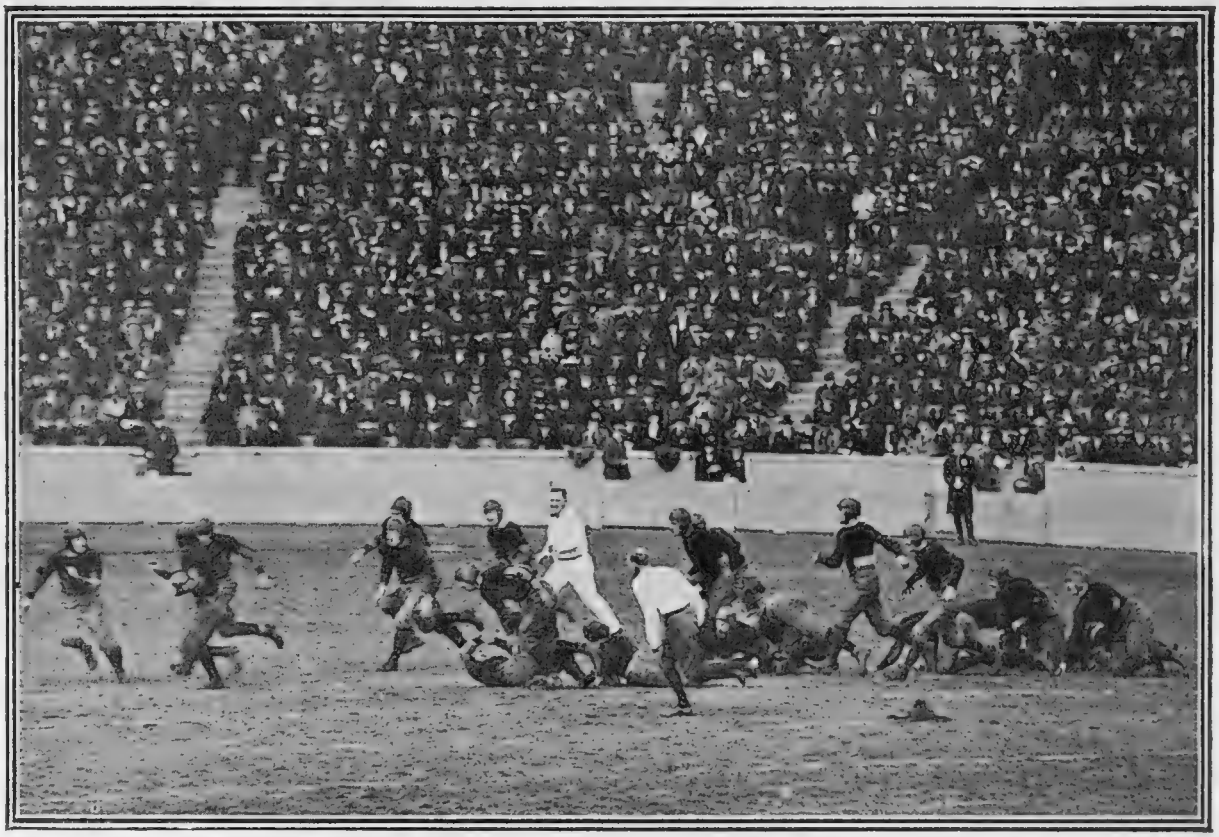

A snapshot taken at the match between Harvard and Princetown at New Jersey in November last. American football, though it bears a superficial resemblance to "Rugger," is really a totally different game, interference and obstruction by players not in possession of the ball being, as is shown in the photograph, permissible. This helps to make the game a very dangerous one, and casualties are frequent

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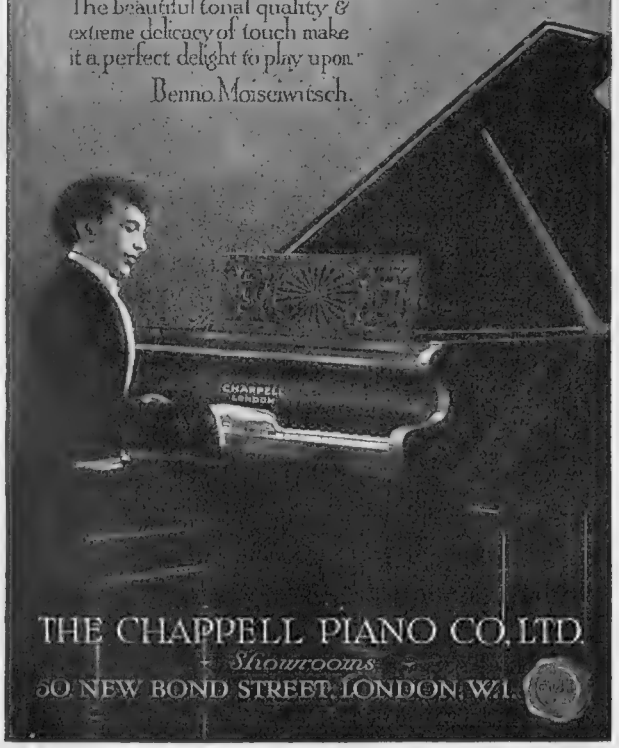

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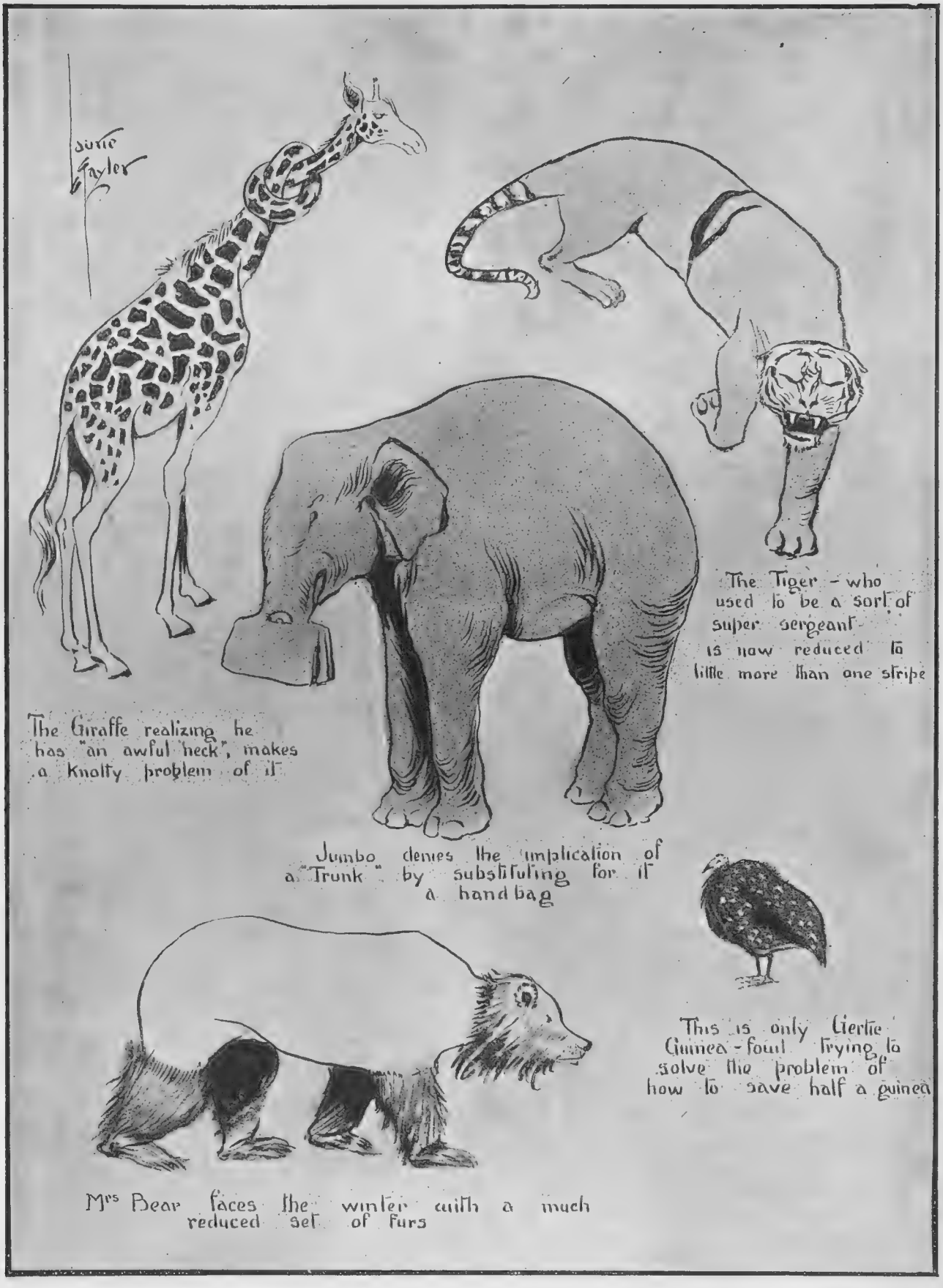
The Economy Stunt!



EXAMPLES AT THE ZOO

BY LAURIE TAYLER

Personality on the Film

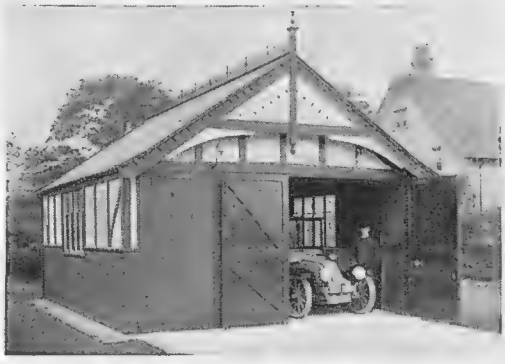
THE CINEMA AS A MEDIUM OF TEMPERAMENT

PERSONALITY is ever seeking for means of expression: a fact which leads to new arts. Little was it thought, when people got their daguerrotypes "took," that that simple process, in its development, would one day become the vehicle for the exhibition of some of the greatest personalities: that it would record the subtle story of living temperaments without the aid of voice or colour. Yet such is the miracle. We have Geraldine Farrar, shorn of her dramatic voice, delivering her unique qualities as a woman to an innumerable public. Mary Garden does likewise. Caruso—also. Will the time come when Huberman and Paderewski are featured on the film?

CERTAINLY there has never been, in the history of art, such a possible purveyor of sheer personality as the cinema. But does the film interpret intimately life in its relation to its great and little subjectivities, and its soul, any better than the daguerrotype of long ago? Ernest Newman has said: "Let me hear a man sing, and I will tell you what he is!" But is there anyone who sees the cinema queen who could estimate her real character by her counterfeit set before him, reel upon reel? Is it not a superficial appeal to everything superficial in our senses, a play of surface upon surfaces? But there are exceptions to this rule, and the two outstanding ones are undoubtedly Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. In "Daddy Long Legs" we have a big achievement of Mary's personality, which so grapples with the limitations of the camera as to rise superior to them and practically handles the mechanics of the art, so that they become subservient to the artist. Once did Chaplin accomplish this, in "The Tramp"—where his indomitable self got the better of film restrictions, and he gave us then a Tramp, as fine in poetry as Richepin's Chemineau. So far as personality is concerned, these are two films which portrayed it in a creative way. To see average cinema pictures is like taking a lady into dinner and hearing her eat, but never hearing her speak. R.T.R.M.

MR. STANLEY LUPINO

Who is giving up the part of principal comedian at the Gaiety to take up a similar position in the Drury Lane pantomime, thus carrying on the traditions of his family



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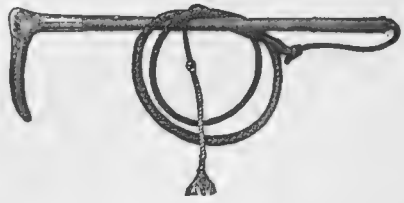

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MOTORING AND AVIATION

ANOTHER strenuous week for the motoring sightseers has just concluded, Thank goodness, I can hear some of them say, who have been participating in the rounds of hospitality-cum-business. What with the Roads and Transport Congress and Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, together with the Cycle, Motor Cycle, Cycle-car and Scooter Show at Olympia, one jumped from a motor granite breaker on to a push bicycle, hopped from a motor scooter to a side-car, and, finally, settled down in a three-wheeler crying, "Drive to—well, anywhere to get out of this." And some feasting too, all with the hope of getting something for nothing, which came off in many cases. I have only one remark to make and that is, please, gentle public, do not put your money in any of these wonderful new concerns without serious consideration if you cannot afford to gamble. Wheels and gambling usually go together, and lately the world of wheels is one big sweepstake. You put your money in, but if you draw a horse at all you are lucky, and if you get a winner why it's a pound to a penny you sell your chance for a premium.

***

HONEST Injun! I really do wish there had been more time to see the ingenious devices for sweeping, watering, dust collecting, tar-making, road laying, van loading and unloading that were collected as motor vehicles in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, for the country ought to have been interested in that side of Public Works motoring, as the whole show was a money-saving business. There ought to have been columns about it in the newspapers every day the exhibition lasted, but, being a ratepayers' sort of a show, precious few took any notice of it. Next year if one is held in this country, I hope all the City Fathers in the United Kingdom will visit it and learn how to reduce the rates and give us better roads at the same time.

***

AS for the cycle and motor-cycle exhibition at Olympia, the foreigners were there in great numbers to see what England could do in push bikes, motor bikes, side-car combinations, three-wheeled motor-cars, motor scooters, and their infinite variety of accessories and parts. One of the great successes, judging from the crowds it collected, was the new all-chain driven Triumph motor-bike, as this stand was full of people all the week looking at the new gear-box front forks, and other details. Then the ABC Skootamota had a bevy, too, especially of ladies, who seem to think this new form of motoring is just what they want, while the three-wheelers, like the Morgan, Castle Three, Wooler Mule, and Coventry Premier, strongly attracted the Church and Medicine, to say nothing of other folk. Small blame to them too, as prices were really reasonable and delivery not too awfully bad. Personally, I thought the wonderful Coupé side-cars, to be seen on the Bat and the Royal Ruby stands, and the new Sunbeam motor-cycle with leaf springs for the front forks, a great advance in comfort in two directions.

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Leaving on its 12,000-mile trip to Australia. The 'plane is commanded and navigated by Capt. G. H. Wilkins, M.C., who spent three years in the Canadian Naval Service. He is assisted by Lieuts. Val Rendle and D. R Williams (pilots) and Lieut. G. H. Potts (engineer officer)

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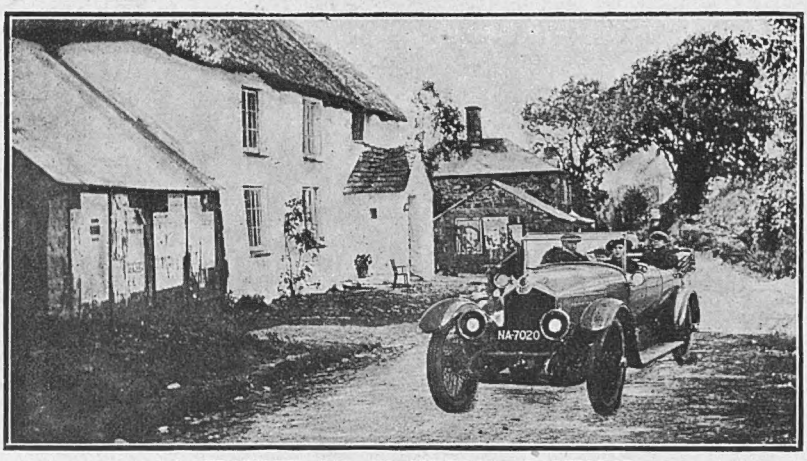

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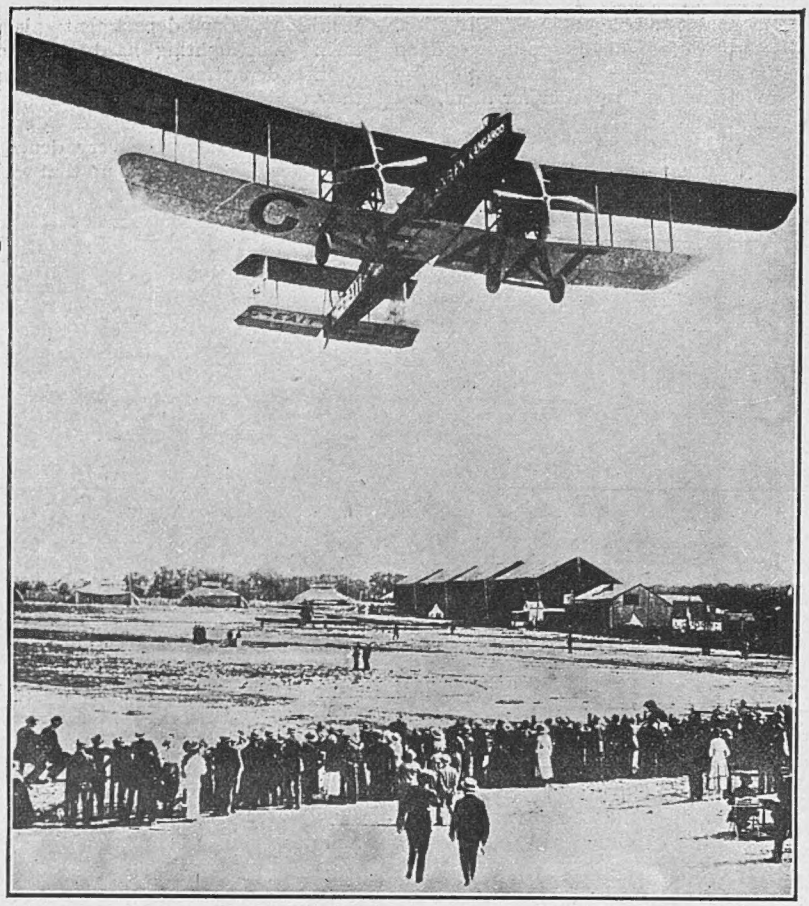

THE BLACKBURN TWIN-ENGINE "KANGAROO"

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ANOTHER strenuous week for the motoring sightseers has just concluded, Thank goodness, I can hear some of them say, who have been participating in the rounds of hospitality-cum-business. What with the Roads and Transport Congress and Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, together with the Cycle, Motor Cycle, Cycle-car and Scooter Show at Olympia, one jumped from a motor granite breaker on to a push bicycle, hopped from a motor scooter to a side-car, and, finally, settled down in a three-wheeler crying, "Drive to—well, anywhere to get out of this." And some feasting too, all with the hope of getting something for nothing, which came off in many cases. I have only one remark to make and that is, please, gentle public, do not put your money in any of these wonderful new concerns without serious consideration if you cannot afford to gamble. Wheels and gambling usually go together, and lately the world of wheels is one big sweepstake. You put your money in, but if you draw a horse at all you are lucky, and if you get a winner why it's a pound to a penny you sell your chance for a premium.

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HONEST Injun! I really do wish there had been more time to see the ingenious devices for sweeping, watering, dust collecting, tar-making, road laying, van loading and unloading that were collected as motor vehicles in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, for the country ought to have been interested in that side of Public Works motoring, as the whole show was a money-saving business. There ought to have been columns about it in the newspapers every day the exhibition lasted, but, being a ratepayers' sort of a show, precious few took any notice of it. Next year if one is held in this country, I hope all the City Fathers in the United Kingdom will visit it and learn how to reduce the rates and give us better roads at the same time.

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AS for the cycle and motor-cycle exhibition at Olympia, the foreigners were there in great numbers to see what England could do in push bikes, motor bikes, side-car combinations, three-wheeled motor-cars, motor scooters, and their infinite variety of accessories and parts. One of the great successes, judging from the crowds it collected, was the new all-chain driven Triumph motor-bike, as this stand was full of people all the week looking at the new gear-box front forks, and other details. Then the ABC Skootamota had a bevy, too, especially of ladies, who seem to think this new form of motoring is just what they want, while the three-wheelers, like the Morgan, Castle Three, Wooler Mule, and Coventry Premier, strongly attracted the Church and Medicine, to say nothing of other folk. Small blame to them too, as prices were really reasonable and delivery not too awfully bad. Personally, I thought the wonderful Coupé side-cars, to be seen on the Bat and the Royal Ruby stands, and the new Sunbeam motor-cycle with leaf springs for the front forks, a great advance in comfort in two directions.

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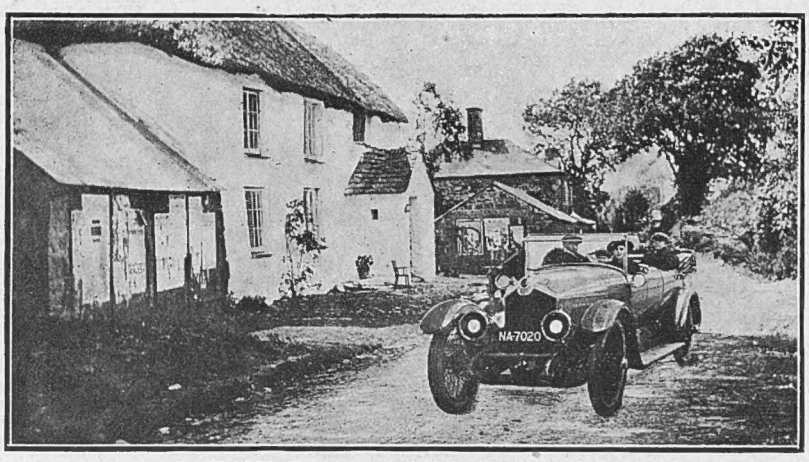

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